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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 45 No. 2 AUGUST, 1952

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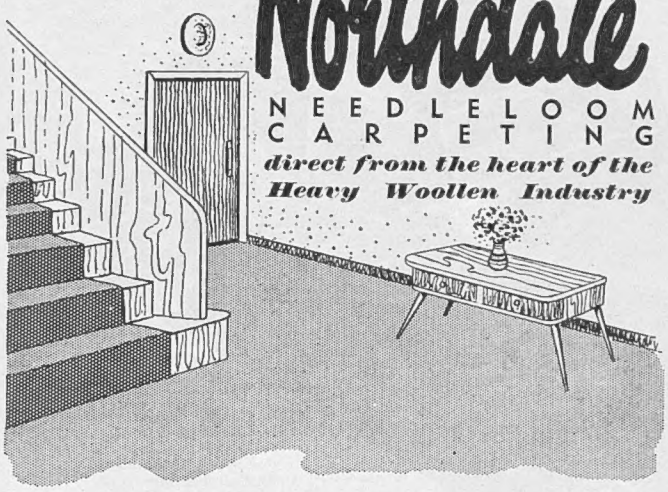

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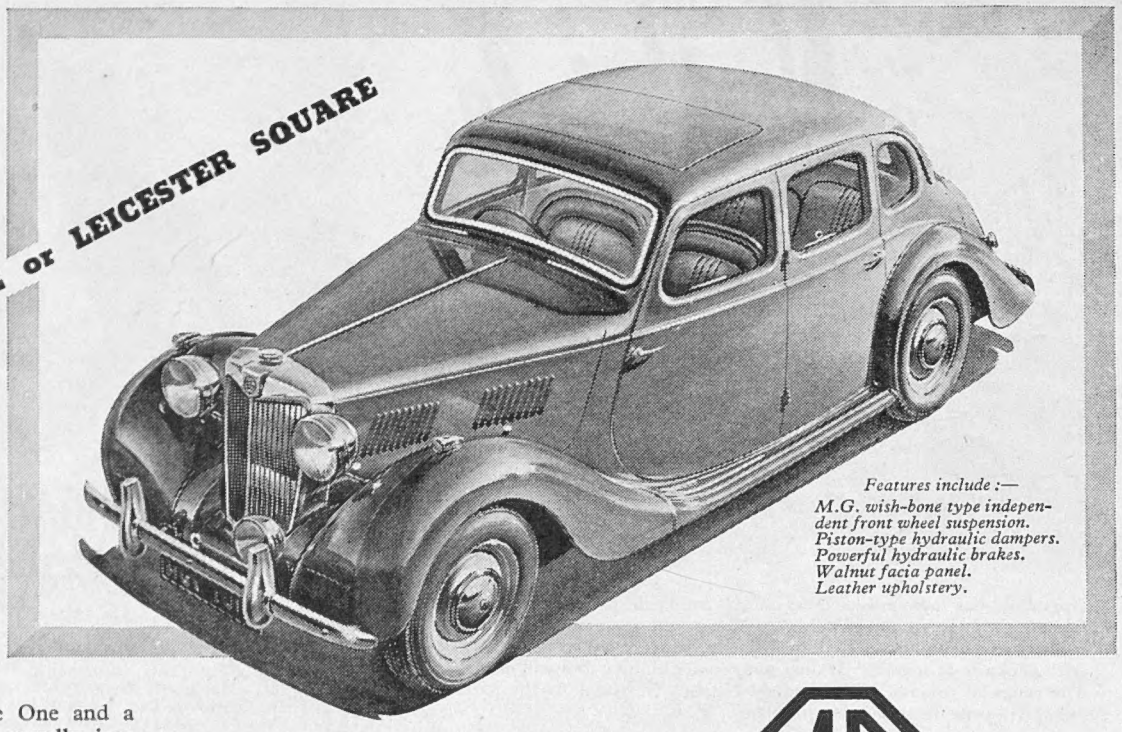

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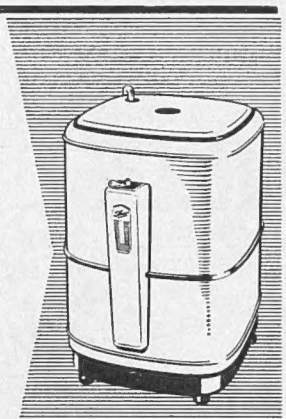

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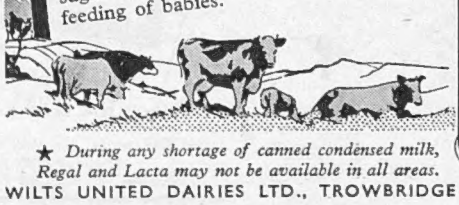

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The Thing Of Beauty

An Immoral Trifle

By EDWARD FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYS

PASSING through the timeless magnificence of a thousand priceless masterpieces, Maestro Luigi Farandello came to a halt before one vase. That was all he had come to see; to pause a while and contemplate perfection in that one softly lighted case, and then to leave again, tranquil, refreshed and stimulated—with hardly a glance for the overwhelming riches all around. A man's capacity for appreciation is limited, and too much is less than none at all.

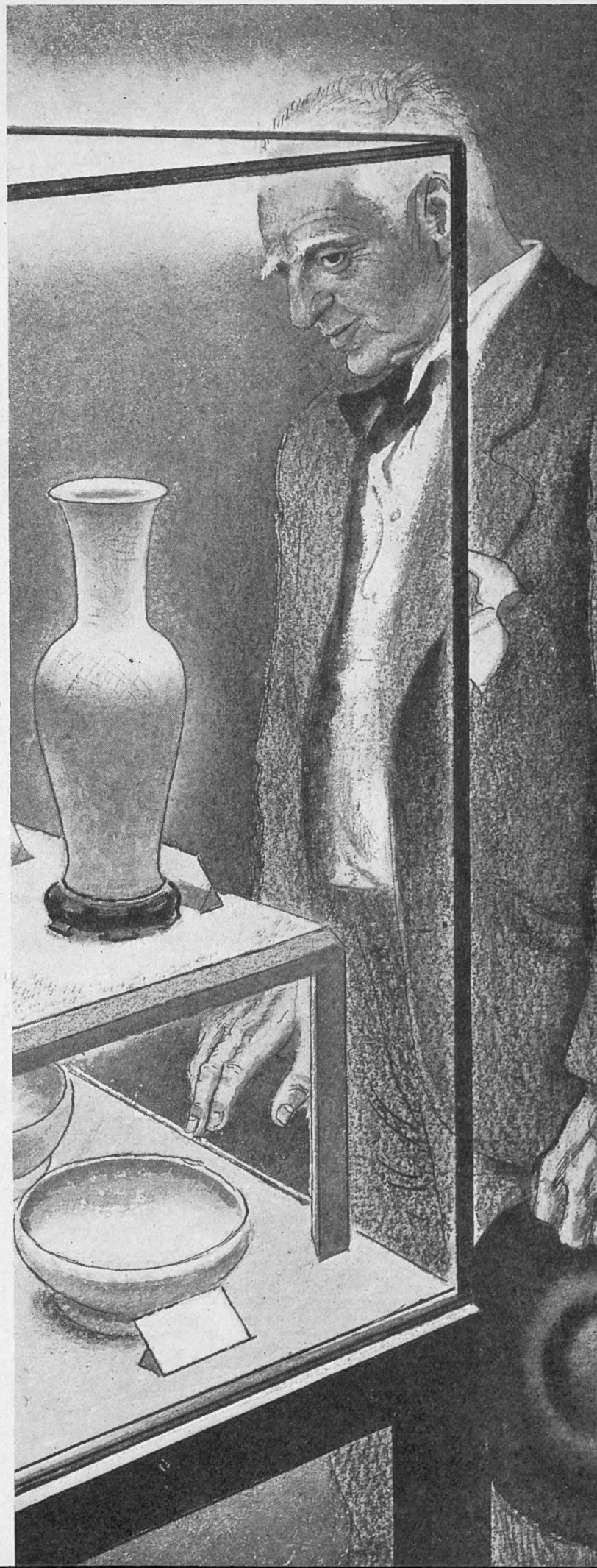
To Maestro Farandello that one vase in the lighted case was the topmost pinnacle of the potter's art. There were more famous exhibits, vases by which the world set larger store, vases for which collectors would pay much higher prices, bigger examples of the ceramic art, but not one more beautiful, not one more perfect. Its elegant line filled him with admiration. The lovely glaze with its innumerable tiny cracks shone, not with a surface sheen, but as though its colours were translucent in the soft light which fell upon it. *Vase famille perl*, the experts said, but Maestro Farandello cared little about that, and the first begetter would never have recognized the description. How he envied the yellow hands which had fallen back from that masterpiece and folded placidly as their owner surveyed the finished work.

Those same yellow hands had stood another vase at its side, and the almond eyes had seen the cool perfection of a perfect pair emerging pristine from the muffle.

Now in the vitrine the dark green velvet had a place for two, and on the dramatically empty circle was a card which said that the companion vase was lost, believed destroyed.

MAESTRO FARANDELLO stood silently before it, hat in hand; his shoulders now a trifle bowed; his hair silver, but close-cropped around an energetic head. A lifetime of art had taught him to value the achievement of others, and the unknown Chinese was a master. Maestro Farandello stood before his work in homage and reverence; in homage, but not servility; in reverence, but not subordination. Technical secrets had been lost; technical processes obscured by the dust of ages.

But the hands of mankind's artists had not lost their skill and cunning. It was with dignity, and as a brother artist, that Maestro Luigi came to render homage. His own capable brown hands with their stubby fingers had added beautiful things to the world's store of beauty, and many more owed their survival to his skill.



MAESTRO FARANDELLO stood silently before the vase, hat in hand; his shoulders now a trifle bowed. A lifetime of art had taught him to value the achievement of others

IT was Jaconetta who always came running to greet him, jumping up with her little arms round his neck. It was always such a happy welcome. Maria smiled from the kitchen doorway

At other things those capable hands were not so good. Very little money seemed to find its way into them, and what did seemed to slip through those fingers, strong as they were, with extraordinary ease. Not that Luigi Farandello had ever complained very loudly, or for long, about that, and one or two of the things he had made had gone for quite pleasant little songs. And that ancient Chinese potter friend of his would have asked no more.

It was just that in a commercial age, as they called it, things were rather different; rather more difficult for the artist. Maestro Farandello turned away and walked slowly towards the exit. He was a little sad—a little sad at just that. Sad not for himself, but for others. Sad for Maria his daughter, and for little Jaconetta, her daughter. Life had been hard for Maria. And who knows how hard, how cruel life can be, more than a devoted soul enslaved by her own high qualities to a worthless blackguard; true to a lie; faithful to the embodiment of faithlessness.

And now gay, happy little Jaconetta must feel for the first time how hard life can be, and suffer cruel disappointment. That sum could never be raised. Some more fortunate child would occupy that coveted place in Madame Laidonova's ballet school. Some other pair of little feet would dance instead. Perhaps they would be just as talented, but it wasn't likely, for the artistic sensibility of the Farandellos was in Jaconetta's lively little feet. No, just a child whose parents had more money.

MAESTRO FARANDELLO slowly descended the broad steps of the patrician mansion which housed the great exhibition, and his heart was a little sore. To him above all, a thing of beauty was a joy for evermore, but joy comes slow on the heels of sadness, and peace of mind must first precede it.

And halfway down the great steps there came an idea which gave him such obvious pause that the alert young policeman on duty at the splendid wrought-iron gates looked searchingly for a moment at the old gentleman with the brown face and the youthful dark eyes. But only for a moment, and then he looked away. A wise policeman hardly needs a second glance.

And yet that idea would have interested him. As yet it was still only an idea, but it had been born, and it was already deplorably active in Maestro Farandello's gentle, law-abiding brain. After a pause the old man retraced his steps. This time it was the second slip of pasteboard he studied; the one in front of the vase. He had not looked at it before. In beautiful calligraphy it gave a short description of the vase, originally one of a pair, and it informed him that it was now in the collection of Mr. John K. Batesby, who had kindly lent it for the exhibition.

Having assured himself that there was a really astonishing photograph in colours and a more detailed description in the splendid (and most painfully expensive) catalogue, Maestro Farandello left the exhibition a second time. He was lost in thought as he descended the steps a second time. The policeman did not give him a second glance.

Was it good fortune or bad, he mused. There were few people with good collections he had not heard of, and Mr. John K. Batesby was not one of them. He knew him very well. Who didn't? A climbing mediocrity out for a baronetcy for his services to art, services rendered by sheer weight of money rather than by artistic appreciation, a veritable twentieth-century Trimalcho. The temptation to assist him in his services to art was very strong.

BACK in his studio, which occupied the top floor of a small warehouse in a Soho mews and served him, with its couple of extra rooms and a kitchen, as a home for himself and Maria (now that that rare scamp had finally left her) and her Jaconetta. It was Jaconetta who always came running to greet him, jumping up with her lithe arms round his neck and her slim legs round his waist. It was always such a happy welcome. He laughed and rubbed his nose against hers, and his old panama fell off. Maria smiled from the kitchen doorway.

"Your tea will be ready in a minute or two, papa, and don't let Jaconetta make you too hot."

This English tea! How he had fought against it, and finally succumbed, until now he loved it and looked forward to it like any Englishman of them all!

He was doubly glad of it now, sitting there in the big living-room with the large window looking over the housetops of Soho towards Piccadilly and glimpsing the top of Nelson's column between the chimney-pots. The atelier itself was on the other side of the house, looking out towards the northern heights whose tree tops could be seen above the haze of London. After his tea, and even cutting short his romp with Jaconetta, it was there he went. There was no need to lock the door; neither child nor mother ever came in unless invited to.

He set to work. His conscience was still clear. It was still only an idea. So far he was merely examining a purely theoretical question. The exact measurements were easy to obtain; the colours were beautifully reproduced; the original was at hand for close examination. Yes, he decided finally, it could be done. And he could do it. And if he did it, whoever else might conceivably detect the—Maestro

Farandello jibbed at the word even in his mind, but then resolutely took the hindrance—fake, it would certainly not be John K. Batesby.

His work being done, he went out to the little club at which he usually had his evening meal, looked at the papers, smoked a very black cigar straw and usually played a game of chess. This evening he lost the game to an old rival who was delighted to beat him. His mind was elsewhere. He took the defeat and the banter good humouredly and went out to walk through the pleasant evening streets before going home.

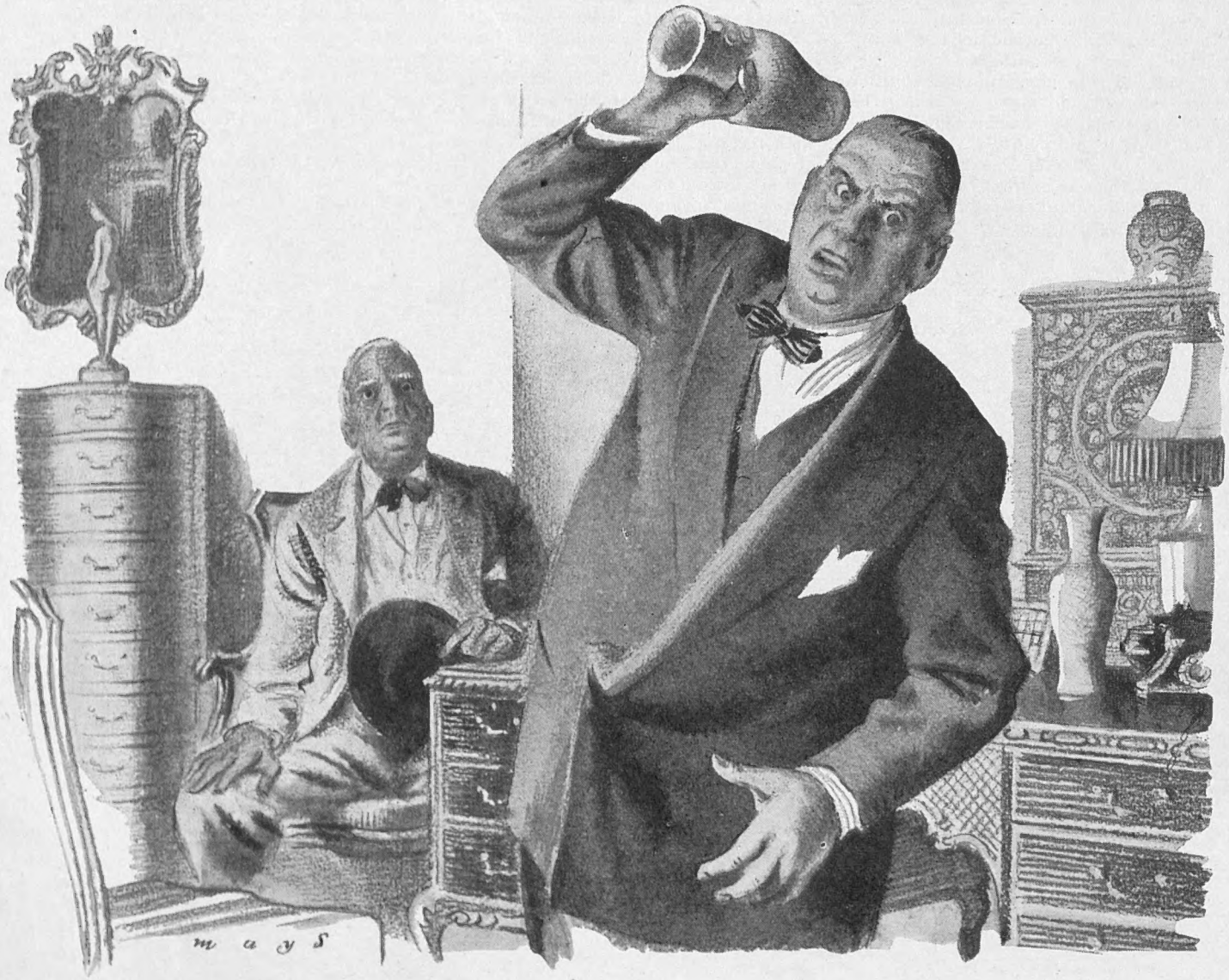
IN Soho Square he paused, as he always did, before that lovely old Georgian house in the corner. He gazed at it lovingly. These English could produce beautiful things in their way, too. Those seventeenth- and eighteenth-century craftsmen of theirs had made useful things, and made them beautiful. He moved on, and his mind was still where it had been before. If the imitation was so good as to be undistinguishable from the original then it was just as beautiful; a thing of beauty in its own right. Even the experts could detect only the clumsier fakes—and then they needed all the assistance science could give them. The great collections of the world housed, and hid, many of the cleverer ones.

Had not American experts staked their reputation on the authenticity of the Valeno Vicentino crystal cup, and had not an American collector paid 4,000 dollars for it, and was it not later exposed as a fake? And was there not the famous mustard pot of Dijon, excavated as a small amphora, used, so the experts solemnly declared, as an *ex voto*? And Donatello's puttino, stolen from its niche in a Siena church and offered to a Bond Street dealer whose staff of experts unanimously declared it an easily recognizable modern imitation? And at the very same time were not their clever colleagues in Berlin purchasing a sham altar piece as real? And could you not go on like that for a very long time? You could. And would not the answer always be yes? It most certainly would.

Maestro Farandello continued his walk and his philosophizing, and the green trees of Soho sighed romantically in the breeze. The Maestro added a sigh of his own at the sight of several pairs of local lovers. It reminded him of so many years ago, and hotter, dryer nights. But the world was two generations further on; with little Jaconetta badly wanting that vacancy in Madame Laidonova's ballet school, and only one way, it seemed, to make it possible. Maestro Farandello sighed again. He had always been so honest, as witness his poverty now. For himself he wanted nothing more. His atelier and his little home in this strange, kind country of his adoption was a haven of peace and quiet content. He had his good food, his half-a-bottle of Chianti, his black cigar, and good English cloth on his back and solid English leather on his feet to protect him from this fickle climate. And he could work. What more did an artist need? Want perhaps, but not need.

BUT now there was Jaconetta, gay, lively little Jaconetta. She was entitled to her chance. This was the great country for that. "Give the fellow a chance," they always said. It summed up much of their strange philosophy. Little Jaconetta ought to have her chance. No doubt about that. But she couldn't wait too long. Limbs, even young limbs, stiffened rapidly. And what was the use of a second-rate, or rather, if money were to decide, third-rate school? An Englishman wouldn't give a first-class horse to a third-class trainer and then expect it to win classic races.

And Jaconetta was first class. (*Continued on page 62*)



SEIZING the fake vase he hurled it violently into the lovely Adams fireplace where it smashed into a thousand and one fragments

CHILDREN IN DANGER

New Light on a Pressing Social Problem

CHILD cruelty is news. Its incidence is possibly the most disturbing example of those crimes against society quoted in evidence on the decline of moral values. If others, such as juvenile delinquency, dishonesty and general crime, are problems for the legislature to solve, the prevalence of child neglect and ill-treatment is essentially a matter for women to handle. Obviously, prevention is more urgent than punishment, and here women, by example as well as effort on behalf of others, have a job to do.

This feminine atmosphere goes deeper still. Regrettably, the unpleasant fact is that basically it is a problem about women. There are, of course, instances where a brutal father ill-uses his wife quite as harshly as his children, but on the whole the Victorian cameo of the drunken brute arriving home where mother and babies whimper together is a rarity to-day. All too often the woman is an acquiescing or sole culprit.

Generalisations on a subject such as this, with 100,000 children involved every year, are both inaccurate and misleading. The motives for the occasional cases of sadism defy unanimous diagnosis even among psychologists. Some are connected with marital infidelity; others appear to deserve Broadmoor detention. Even the majority, which involve neglect, cannot be lumped together and put down to laziness or irresponsibility.

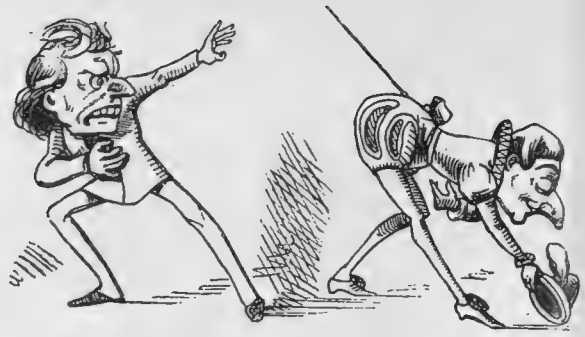
* * * *

Examination of the background to this cruelty and neglect brings home the complexity of the problem. The N.S.P.C.C., who allowed me to examine the reports in their legal department as well as the case sheets of their inspectors, meticulously record confidential details which tell a more understandable story than that given in court evidence. Some of the evidence is circumstantial, and much is too disgusting for publication in a newspaper. In any event, the files at the N.S.P.C.C. headquarters cover the 38,000 annual cases which never come into court. These give a truer picture than that obtainable from the 600 or so prosecutions undertaken annually since the war.

Keeping in mind that risk of generalisation, it is still possible to discover trends in this problem. One is that young parents are usually to blame. This does not necessarily mean that the 18-30 years age group lacks the moral sense of its elders. It must be remembered that when they were young things were even worse, and in their grandparents' youth, at the turn of the century, cases handled by the N.S.P.C.C. averaged 150,000 a year, against the 100,000 to-day with a much larger population. But, remembering the better standards of education, the improved economic conditions of the lowest-paid workers, and the vast public services of the welfare State, the blame is still there. (*Continued on page* 66)

BY GEORGE HOWARD

Mr. Carte opened a London Season at the Princes Theatre in 1926 with *The Mikado*. Ko-Ko (Mr. Henry Lytton) and Pooh-Bah (Mr. Leo Sheffield) (left); Katisha (Miss Bertha Lewis) and Yum-Yum (Miss Elsie Griffin) (right). (*Punch*.)



"Carses! carses on ye both!" *"'Umbly I take my leave."*

After *The Mikado*, Sullivan had the idea and-thunder kind of stage melodrama. thing was prevalent in England.

By JOHN MAYCOCK

VERY soon now cinemas throughout the country will be showing a film dealing with the life-stories of Gilbert and Sullivan, and so thousands of people will be learning something about the two men whose fourteen comic operas have passed into popular legend and tradition. Quite a number of people hardly know which of them was the composer and which of them the librettist; indeed, the term "Gilbert and Sullivan" is used universally when speaking of the two men in a way which suggests that they have become a single entity in the minds of their followers.

This being so, it is all the more surprising to learn that each man regarded his part in the creation of the Savoy operas as only a minor activity as far as artistic considerations were concerned (for there is no doubt that financially they were both better off as a result of the operas). Sullivan, for instance, considered himself to be a serious composer of religious choral music and was a little ashamed of being associated with "champagne-music" in the Offenbach tradition. Similarly, Gilbert was never tired of pointing out that writing libretti was a come-down after being a serious playwright. Alas for their dreams of serious music and drama! Nobody remembers Gilbert's plays any more—dull, typically Victorian affairs most of them!—and few people can stomach the sanctimonious harmonies of Sullivan's "serious" works. For most people, the union of Gilbert and Sullivan was the perfect match, and this feeling is borne out by the fact that if Sullivan composed for another librettist or Gilbert had his words set by another composer, the result was totally lacking in those qualities which have given the Savoy operas their own particular niche in the world of musical drama.

Happy as was their union from the artistic standpoint, it was by no means smooth and untroubled as far as their personal relationship was concerned. To begin with, the two men were opposed in character. Gilbert always suffered from the feeling that the world was against him; he was crabbed, narrow-minded, rather a bully and with an unsurpassed ability to make enemies, though beneath it all he was an honest, kindhearted man who frequently surprised his detractors by acts of altruism and generosity. Sullivan, right from boyhood, was noted for his charm of manner and innate courtesy. Gilbert was a social misfit, Sullivan a social success. Gilbert was detested by Queen Victoria, who often commanded that his name should not be included in the programme when the operas were played at a Royal private performance; Sullivan she admired and he was knighted by her in 1883. Gilbert had to wait until 1907—long after her death—for his own knighthood. Finally, Sullivan made no attempt to become friendly with the cast of the Savoy productions; he would conduct the

To conclude with a novel & entirely original Dramatic Cantata, entitled

TRIAL BY JURY.

Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

The Book by W. S. GILBERT.

CHARACTERS.

The Learned Judge — Mr. FREDERIC SULLIVAN
Counsel for the Plaintiff, Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH
The Defendant — Mr. WALTER H. FISHER
Foreman of Jury — — — Mr. C. CAMPBELL
Usher — Mr. C. KELLEHER
Associate — — — — Mr. R. H. PEPPER
The Plaintiff — MISS NELLY BROMLEY
(Her first appearance this Season)
Bridesmaids — Mesdames VERNER, AMY CLIFFORD, VILLIERS LASSALLE, DURRANT, PALMER, JULIA BEVERLEY, LEE, ETC.
Gentlemen of the Jury,
Messrs. BRADSHAW, HUSK, ETC.

Scene . . . The Court of Exchequer.

Chef-d'Orchestre ... Mr. SIMMONDS.

Prices of Admission—Private Boxes, £2 2s. and £3 3s. Stalls, 7s. 6d. Dress Circle, 5s. Upper Boxes, 3s. Pit, 2s. Gallery, 1s.

Seats may be secured at all the Libraries and at the Box Office, open daily from 11 till 5, under the direction of Mr. COLLIVER.

REFRESHMENT SALOONS,
Under the management of Mr. H. DODSWORTH.

Right: Programme of the first night, Royalty Theatre, 1875.

Right, centre: Sullivan's first playbill.

"I may, perchance, yet be in time." *"Agony! agony! agony!"*

of an operatic version of the old blood-
He could remember when this sort of
The outcome was *The Golden Legend.*

Gilbert and Sullivan

With illustrations from the Gilbert and Sullivan Book by Leslie Bailie. Published by Cassells.

orchestra gravely and be studiously polite to everyone, but nobody was admitted to full friendship with him. Gilbert, on the other hand, who rehearsed the dramatic side of the entertainment down to the last detail, was admired by every member of the cast, despite the fact that he could be most insulting if a player was "dense" in cottoning on to a bit of stage "business."

NATURALLY two men so fundamentally different in character could hardly become firm friends, and their quarrels were numerous. Each felt that the other was monopolising the interest of the audience unduly. Thus, Gilbert would take a mutual friend aside and say: "My dear fellow, do point out to Sullivan that he is too fond of prolonging unimportant musical passages and obscuring the words." The same friend would probably be asked by Sullivan to suggest tactfully to Gilbert that his dialogue was a little too long.

Sometimes there would be an open quarrel. Sullivan suffered all his life from kidney trouble and often composed his most cheerful music while undergoing excruciating pain. At these times his normal good manners became a little frayed and a few gruff, ill-chosen words from Gilbert could precipitate a serious quarrel. Luckily, most of the operas were put together without the necessity for a good deal of discussion. The general plan would be mapped out and then Gilbert would send the lyrics to Sullivan, who would write the music in privacy. When the opera was completed, Sullivan would be left to work out the orchestration while Gilbert cajoled and bullied the cast into a lively presentation of his play. (*Continued on page 67*)

Above: Sullivan-Carte-Gilbert, the greatest collaborators of entertainment, as seen by the Victorian cartoonists Ape and Spy.

Left: London in 1842, the year of Sullivan's birth. A view of Piccadilly Circus, looking down Lower Regent Street. At the Royal Gallery of Illustration (X) Gilbert first met Sullivan and many of Gilbert's early works were produced there.

The Odd Things People Do

BY FERDINAND TUOHY.

Squatting for days on a small platform at the top of a 40-ft. pole is near to insanity. . . . A long beard makes Arturo older than his twenty-five years.

WHEN America's university Co-Eds set to snatching the opposite sex's underclothes in the night—it began with "bra-and-pantie" raids on girl students' dormitories—they were following a freak pattern which had led in the past to such oddities as tree-sitting and pole-squatting, zoot suits, goldfish-swallowing, eating gramophone records, and in its original manifestation, to baby-sitting too.

Of this little collection, squatting for days on a small platform at the top of a 40-ft. pole probably strikes one now as having been the nearest to outright insanity. The record was well over a month, I seem to remember. Yet practitioners insisted that it brought opportunity for protracted study and meditation such as could not be found on the university campus.

Certainly the baby-sitting stunt justified itself. It did more than provide a novel means of supplementing income : it illuminated the path of spare-time possibilities. It set people far and wide to wondering what *they* might do on the sideline. It sparked a whole contemporary trend. To-day, the spare-time job is meat for even the haughtiest servants of the State.

Supposing private citizens could hire details of the Household Cavalry to add lustre to social occasions—but that could never happen here, could it ? All the same, it happens in Paris, where the crack Republican Guard may be hired by private individuals. This corps d'élite, which can be traced back to the year 1221, is available for guard duty at private parties, receptions, marriages and balls. All one has to do is to satisfy the Ministry of the Armed Forces that you have among your guests someone who is entitled to be saluted by the Regiment. Any brigadier or ex-Minister will do, and there are probably more of the latter than the former to draw upon.

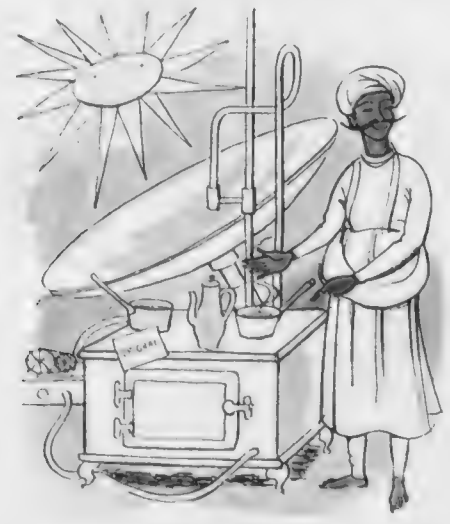
"We are performers at a year-long pageant," says Colonel Nicolini. "I am much more of a theatrical director than an Army officer." Here he referred to the Guards' time-honoured rôle of lending éclat to public occasions, as well as to its private earning.

What struck me about the latter was the low rate of remuneration, compared with other Paris prices. No officer can earn more than about 30s. for several hours' attendance, and no private more than 5s. or 6s. But there are decided "perks." Officers have the chance of meeting rich brides. Other ranks are guests of the servants' hall, which may include champagne poured by fascinating soubrettes.

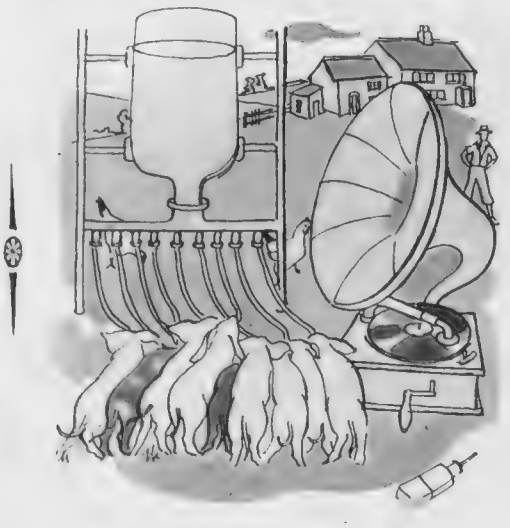
PEOPLE are doing the oddest things with the very air one breathes. Did you know, for example, that both cold air and hot air are now being commercially marketed ? The Linde Air Products Company of East Chicago takes big chunks of air, breaks them down into little parts, and sells them. The Company sells (overwhelmingly) nitrogen, next oxygen (20 per cent.), then small amounts of krypton, xenon, helium, neon, hydrogen, carbon dioxide and argon, all of which are present in a noseful of air, and only have to be madly boiled, compressed and cooled, to be separated.

Customers use the broken-down air for packing food, cutting steel, welding motor-cars, preserving provisions, mining iron ore, making plastic toys, hatching out more and better turkey chicks, and reviving tired racehorses (oxygen treatment).

Across half the world, at "Suntrap Corner," outside New Delhi, young Dr. Ghai is harnessing solar energy and making the resultant hot air work for him. His apparatus is bulky but simple, being made up (*Continued on page* 64)



Dr. Ghai cooks vegetables, makes coffee or tea, runs a refrigerator and heats water with the prototype solar cooker.



Piglets refuse all intake unless, at two-minute intervals, a recording is played of Mom's grunts.

Should a lady stand in sudden need of a perambulator, she may now open her handbag and unfold same.

Story by ARNOLD WAREING
Illustrations by JACK MATTHEW

BY Mount Parrhasius she took four magnificent stags with golden antlers, yoked them to her chariot, loaded with spoils of the chase and drove in triumph to the palace of the gods

OLD TALES RETOLD

Actaeon and Diana

DIRE, in ancient myth, was the penalty for gazing on forbidden beauty. And the goddess Diana, or Artemis, was beautiful with the cold, unimpassioned beauty of the moon. She was not as other goddesses who shared some of the attributes—and failings—of humans. Hers was a dedicated life : strict, formal, aloof.

The twin sister of Apollo, born of Zeus and Leto, she begged her father, even as a child, that she might be always a virgin because her mother's sufferings had fostered in her an acute dislike of love. "Give me," she entreated him, "a bow and arrows and let me rule over the hills and hunt in the forests. Give me a score of river nymphs for faithful handmaidens, and a torch to bear aloft to light my way in the darkness and keep me from harm." Among the goddesses Diana wanted to be the free, emancipated one, untouched by the passions that sometimes swayed them and brought them sorrow. For her, the open-air life of the glades, the thrills and dangers and prowess of the hunt.

Zeus granted her wishes and named thirty cities that should worship her only, and many others where she would be worshipped with other gods. In Arcady Pan gave her a pack of lithe, swift hunting dogs. By Mount Parrhasius she took four magnificent stags with golden antlers, yoked them to her chariot, and drove in triumph, loaded with the spoils of the chase, to the palace of the gods, where her nymphs unyoked them, grazed them in Hera's rich meadows, and gave them water to drink from golden ewers. In the palace she sat enthroned beside Apollo, to guide the moon as he the sun.

In vain did Eros and Aphrodite, the deities of love, seek to tempt her from her self-appointed path and make her vulnerable as others. All she cared about were hunting, music, dancing—but not the sensual music of Pan, nor the wild, frenzied dancing of the Bacchantes. Mercilessly she punished any of her nymphs and votaries who betrayed their vows of chastity. Her deadly arrows were not only for the beasts of the woods but for all who merited death, especially

The mortal affront to the goddess
Diana is avenged by the penalty of death

women and the old who had run their course and were tired of living.

SUCH was the imperious goddess who viewed mortals and the world with clear, passionless eyes under serene brow and loved to bathe in the chill pool of a valley sacred to her called Gargaphie, guarded by dark pine, yew and cypress and tangled thickets. The pool was at the far, secret end of the valley, fed by a spring which gushed from a great hollow rocky cave; and on the lawny banks in its shadow, when she was hot and tired from the chase, she would disrobe, one nymph taking her garment, another her sandals, others her bow and quiver and spear, until she stood there naked and as coolly lovely as the moon silvering the branches, over which she ruled and whose path through the heavens she guided.

And it chanced, one day, that Actaeon, son of Aristaeus and Autonoë, grandson of King Cadmus the great huntsman, had also been hunting in the surrounding forest; and when he was satiated with the sport and in a mood to relax with the cool of the evening he wandered apart from his companions and into the valley and came unwittingly to the secret cave and pool.

What beauty met his gaze! The divine, immaculate Diana poised by the brink, radiant and statuesque of limb, with her naked nymphs about her, unguarded, unsuspecting. A living idyll which was also a poet's dream. A vision too sacred and lovely for mortal eyes, worthy only of the gods. A fateful prying where none had pryed before.

When the nymphs saw him they cried out in consternation "A man! A man! Beware!" and flung themselves before Diana to shield her. But she did not move. She stood there, towering above them, with a cold moon-fire in her glance as ruthless and piercing as her arrows, her face darkling with shame and anger. She, the goddess Diana, to be seen thus in her most secret haunt by a man! She, the goddess of purity, to be sullied by his carnal stare! Could he gaze on her and still live, to boast to others: "I have seen the great Diana naked, bathing in a forest pool! With my own eyes I have seen her!"

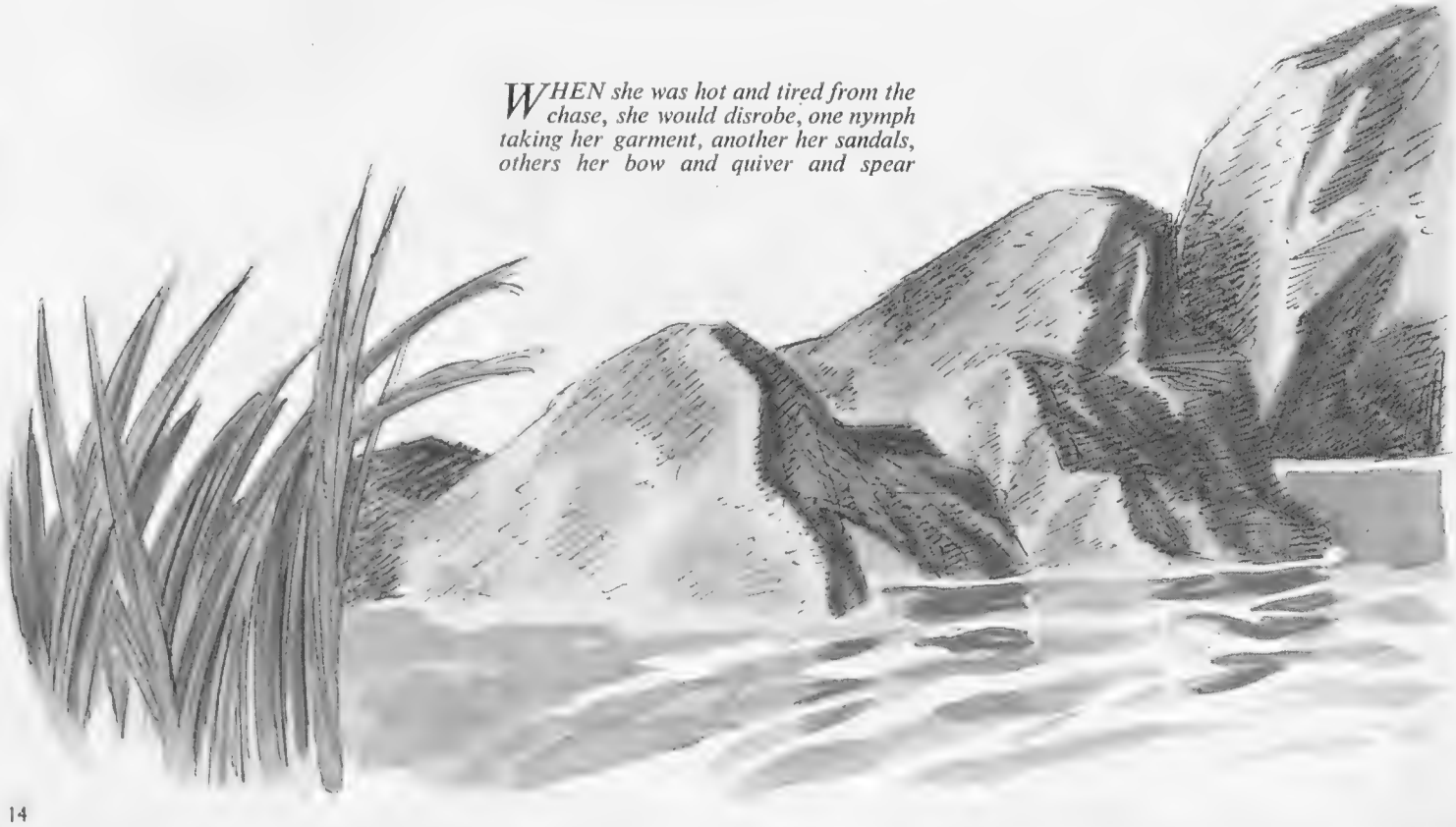
SHE could reach neither her bow and arrows nor spear, so to blind him scooped water from the pool, dashing it in his face and over his head so that he shrank back, confused. Where the water touched him a stag's antlers sprang from his head, his ears became pointed like a stag's, his neck lengthened, the skin of his body hardened to a hide, his arms changed into legs, his hands and feet were hooves. In an instant she had made the hunter the quarry, an animal to be hunted in turn to the kill. That was his punishment for gazing on her unclothed beauty, which no man should do without peril. "Now," she taunted, "go you and tell how you saw Diana naked—if tell you can!"

Actaeon was a hero of the hunt whom nothing could daunt, but now, feeling the antlers spring from his head, and the hide on his body, and the hooves where hands and feet had been, he galloped off in a panic through the woods as if hounds were at his heels, and when he came to another wayside pool and saw his reflection in it, crowned by the towering antlers, he was so distressed that he wept and would have wailed his grief aloud, only he could no longer speak.

WHAT could he do now? Where could he go? Not back to his companions or to his home, for he was game to them now instead of friend or kinsman. Instead of welcoming him they would want to pursue and kill him and hang his antlers in the great hall with all the other trophies of the chase. Hovering there, uncertain, with his pointed ears pricked up for the least sound, he knew all the strained, alert tension of the poised stag as well as the sorrow of a man exiled for ever from his kind.

Then, in a paroxysm of fear, he heard in the distance, through the trees and underbrush, the sudden hungry baying of hounds. Nearer it came, with a crashing of branches, and they had caught his scent, they had sighted him. His own hounds which had hunted with him that day. He could recognize them all by name and by the wounds and scars from wild boar and other prey which some of them bore. In full voice the whole pack was now after him, bounding through the undergrowth, panting across open glades.

As he fled in a panic he wanted to turn and cry: "I am Actaeon, your master! Cannot you see? You are chasing your own master! Stay! and I will pat you, fondle you, as I have always done. I will give you flesh, bread, tit-bits to please you. Only cease your baying, and come quietly to heel!" But no word could he speak. And how could he pat and fondle with these clumsy hooves now beating a frenzied tattoo on the hard earth



WHEN she was hot and tired from the chase, she would disrobe, one nymph taking her garment, another her sandals, others her bow and quiver and spear

as he strained to elude his pursuers?

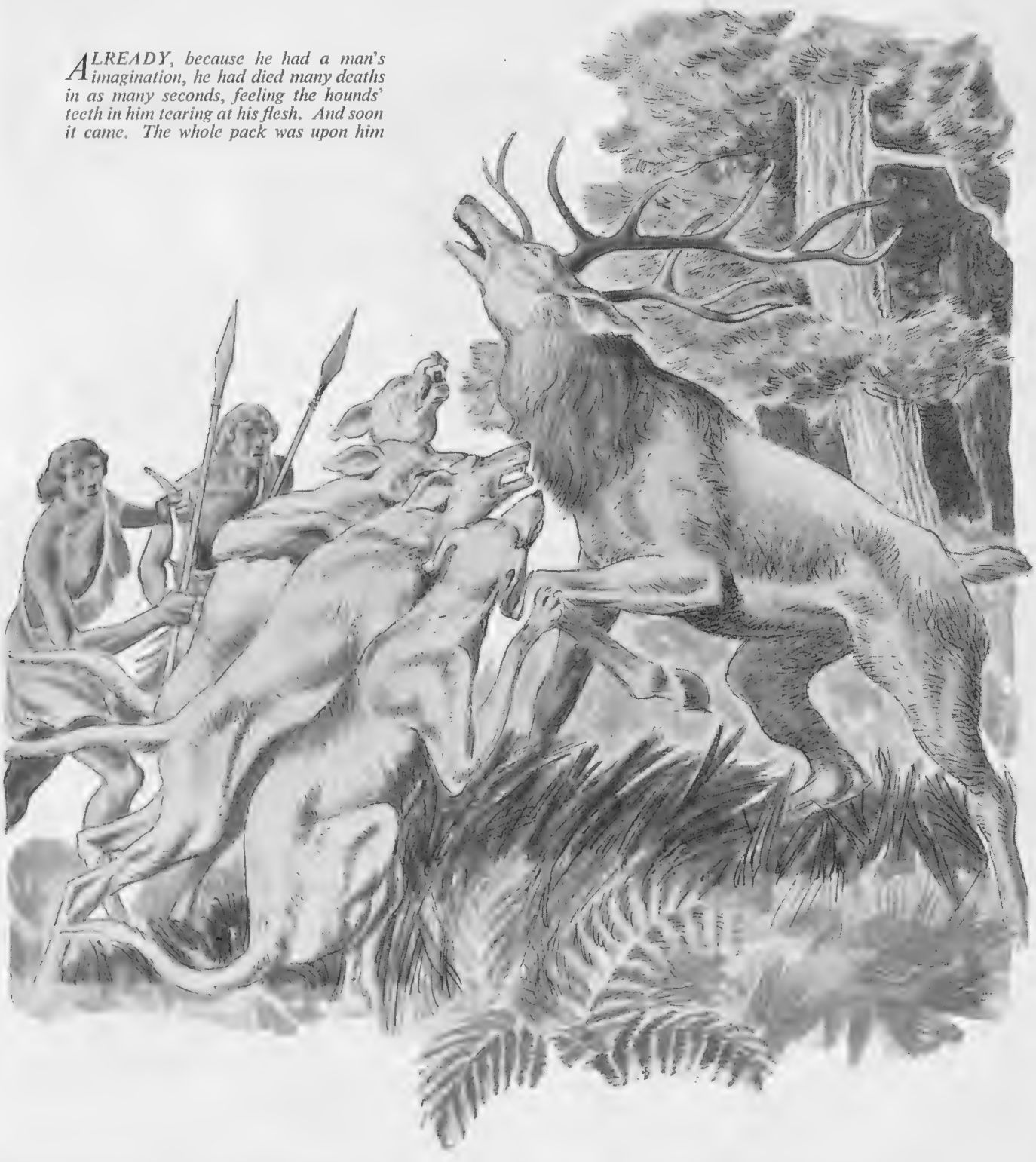
On, on they came, yelping with thirst for the kill, lessening the distance between them until he felt he had not hounds but snarling devils at his heels. Over this very ground he had hunted, but now he was the hounded victim with death snapping at him, slowly but surely overtaking him, so that he felt its cold breath on his sweating flanks. He had no hope of escape now, and prayed that the agony be quickly over. Already, because he had a man's imagination, he had died many deaths in as many seconds, feeling the hounds' teeth in him, tearing at his flesh.

And soon it came. First one leapt and ripped his haunch, then another his flank, and a third his shoulder. The whole pack was upon him, forcing him down, leaping at his throat as he bellowed with pain. His own hounds were taking the blood, the life from him, and he could do nothing but submit. Now he was down on his knees, and in the mêlée he saw his companions rush in for the kill, heard their shouts as they called to the hounds by name, urging them on to complete their fell work.

One of them who had been his close friend cried out: "Where is Actaeon? Actaeon should be here! He will be grieved missing this splendid kill!" And with his failing breath, as he sank on to his side and lay still, Actaeon longed to say: "I am he, my friend, who will never hunt with you again. I am he whom our hounds now slay and devour! I am he, doomed by the cruel goddess Diana to suffer the torments he has so often inflicted on his quarry. It is Actaeon who dies now before your eyes!"

But when the hounds were drawn off it was but a poor stag lying there in its ebbing blood: venison for the cooking and eating, game for the happy hunter tired and hungry from the chase. Only the aloof Diana and her nymphs, bathing again in the cavern pool, knew that a mortal affront to a goddess had been avenged and a terrible price paid for the sin of gazing on her forbidden, inviolate beauty. It did not matter that Actaeon had intended no insult, no hurt, and stumbled on their privacy by accident. He had seen what no mortal even of royal blood should see, and must be punished. And the punishments of the gods and goddesses of ancient myth were terrible indeed.

ALREADY, because he had a man's imagination, he had died many deaths in as many seconds, feeling the hounds' teeth in him tearing at his flesh. And soon it came. The whole pack was upon him



Instinct is sometimes wise counsel—
sometimes foolish . . .

HER eyes were blue and deep as the sea. Corbett looked into them and could only stammer. While Porfirio ordered a drink for her she asked Corbett politely how long he had been in port, when he was sailing, and where

"Pleasure For Señora"

By F. E. Knight

SHE was all golden from the sheen of her hair to the tips of her shoes. She stood in the golden limelight and sang Italian opera in Spanish, not well, but pleasantly; and as an encore she sang—of all things, and in English—"Comin' Thro' The Rye."

Rubino Porfirio chuckled at Corbett's expression.

"I promised you a surprise, my Captain. Yes, she is English. She came out with a theatrical company two years ago and stayed."

It was not so much the song, nor the singer, that astonished the Englishman, as the reception. They clapped and stamped, those meat barons and wool millionaires and their political bosses, and howled for more; and she gave them "Cherry Ripe" and "Strawberry Fair."

"But she's not even good!" Corbett protested.

The little man shrugged. "She is La Dorada, the Golden Girl. This is the *Golden Cat*—the cabaret of the moment. Everyone comes here, even the Leader himself." He leaned forward to allow the ash from his cigar to fall into an ashtray. He whispered huskily. "In fact . . . I tell you a secret . . . it is rumoured that El Jefe is—how do you say?—sweet on her!"

Corbett laughed. Trust Porfirio to trot out some such scandal. It explained the applause, perhaps. The Leader's girl friend—to applaud would be diplomatic.

"And what does his wife say about it?" he asked.

Porfirio looked down his slightly bulbous nose and frowned. "Ah, you have touched it. It has happened before, and always the Señora has been much displeased. It has been bad for El Jefe—and worse for the girl. As for La Dorada. . . . Ah well, it is a pity, for she is very young."

She was very young; at most in her early twenties. Corbett, ten years older, felt parental towards her. After all, she was English. Someone ought to warn her.

Now she had left the stage and was sauntering, queen like, among the tables. Men spoke to her and bowed and she repaid them with faint smiles. Women

stared at and through her and she seemed unaware.

Porfirio set down his cigar. "You would like to meet her, yes?"

Before Corbett could deny it the little man was bowing comically before her. Before he could adjust his tie he was being introduced.

"Captain Corbett—his ship is in the docks at this moment —Señorita La Dorada."

Her hair was not golden, but of that shade of brown which seems golden when light shines through it. Her face was oval, of the kind one sees in old pictures of the Madonna. Her eyes were blue and deep as the sea. Corbett looked into them and could only stammer.

While Porfirio ordered a drink for her she asked Corbett politely how long he had been in port, when he was sailing, and where.

He mastered himself sufficiently to tell her, "Home. We sail in about twenty-four hours' time—at dawn on Friday."

Porfirio shuddered delicately and repeated with horror, "At dawn. . . ."

The girl repeated softly, "Home. . . ." and her eyes clouded.

Then the waiter brought her drink and she raised her eyes to thank him, and smiled. Corbett had seen her smile, but this was different. It illuminated her face—and more than her face. It was momentary, but marvellous.

The waiter, scarcely more than a boy, did not blink. Corbett admired him. Wonderful chaps, waiters.

THE orchestra exploded into a jazz hit and conversation ceased. Out of the interruption the girl asked, "You do not dance, Captain?"

Corbett was not a ladies' man, but he had been drinking champagne. "Not unless you will do me the honour," he said, rising.

She laughed. "I only dance with the most important guests. It is in my contract."

"Then come!" he cried, and swept her on to the floor.

But he was not a ladies' man, and he had not drunk enough champagne to sustain gaiety plus the effort of remembering his dance steps. She danced like a wisp and her perfume was frightening. He was content with silence, but thought she must be bored.

"What part of England do you come from?" he asked.

She replied mechanically, without interest, "Surrey. And you?"

"Dorking—or near to it. A little village below Leith Hill."

She drew in her breath sharply and seemed to shiver.

SHE might have been asleep already. She sat limply on the messroom settee and seemed unaware that they were talking about her. She let them remove her uniform jacket and her shoes

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
GEORGE MITCHELL

"Leith Hill. . . ." Her voice was so low he had to stoop to hear it. "I remember climbing it . . . in the early morning . . . in spring. There was mist at the top . . . brushing against the tower. It was . . . beautiful."

THIS was the *Golden Cat*. She was La Dorada, the Golden Girl of the cabaret of the moment, the Leader's potential girl friend; yet with a murmur of poetry she was whisking him back to a scene so different, so remote, that he had almost forgotten.

He did not answer. There was no answer.

Then she changed and astonished him again. She clutched his arm. She whispered with a fierce intensity, "Listen! I want a uniform. One like your cadets wear when they come ashore. To fit me—but it is not for me."

He gasped. Was he a captain, or a cadet? Besides, cadets did not often have spare uniforms.

She shook his arm in an agony of pleading. "Please! You can—if you will. I know you can—and it is so important. Oh, I cannot explain! Say it is for a friend, for a fancy dress dance. Say anything!"

Now her eyes held his and he saw that they were deeper than the sea, unfathomable. He was drowning; lost.

But she changed again swiftly, laughed, and said brightly, "Oh yes, the English songs are very popular here. Everybody likes them."

Then he saw that they were close to Porfirio's table and the little man's black eyes were twinkling at them.

IN the seclusion of his own cabin Corbett told himself that the sensible thing would be to forget it: to forget the girl and the uniform and to go no more to the *Golden Cat*.

And then . . . Leith Hill, on a damp spring morning with the bracken wet at his feet and mist swirling about the tower.

He sent for Harris, the senior cadet.

"I want a uniform, complete with cap. One about your size. Of course I'll pay you for it. You might not get it back. Oh—and don't talk about it."

The boy grinned. He had imagination and a nose for adventure.

Corbett packed the clothes in a box, disguised it and addressed it. He bribed a taxi driver to deliver it and neither to ask nor answer questions. The man glanced at the address and smirked. He too had imagination.

Corbett groaned. He was a fool. He ought not to be allowed ashore. At least he would go (*Continued on page* 58)

By PEARL BINDER

Within The Bounds Of Modesty?

Who can say where the bounds of modesty are set when history shows such inconsistency in its conceptions of propriety where disclosing the human form is concerned?

IT is difficult for us to-day, when women's corsets, panties and even artificial bosoms are freely displayed in the Press and shop windows, to understand that less than fifty years ago it was scandalous for a lady to show her feet. I have seen photographs taken in 1860 wherein the feet beneath the crinoline have been totally erased by the prudent photographer. If the feet were indecent to these Victorian ladies who even dressed the legs of their furniture in petticoats and could not bring themselves to utter the word "trousers" but called them "unmentionables," the naked hand was every bit as improper. No lady at that period would have dreamed of being seen without gloves, indoors or out. Yet these modest creatures had no scruples about wearing evening gowns so décolletée that the emancipated girl of to-day would hesitate to show so much bust except on a sunbathing beach.

The women of Norman Britain carefully concealed their ears beneath a linen wimple, not as you might suppose for warmth but from modesty, the early Christian belief being that the Virgin Mary had conceived the infant Jesus through the ear. Widows wore a pleated wimple known as a "barbe" which was arranged higher or lower on the face according to the precise social status of the wearer. Widows of the highest rank wore their barbes so high as to cover the mouth.

The chaste wimple which had started its long career as an exercise in modesty, gradually developed into a fashionable abomination. Chaucer tells us that the Wyfe of Bath wore no less than ten pounds weight of starched linen upon her head. Whilst medieval headdresses soared several feet into the air, skirts swept the ground for at least a yard all round. The church thundered continually at these excesses.

> "As to the first sin that is in superfluitee of clothing which that maketh it so dere to the harm of the people. Forthwith the superfluitee in the length of the forsaid gowns trailing in the mud and mire on horse and eke on foot that all this trailing is verily and in effect wasted consumed threadbare and rotten with dung rather than it is given to the poor."

The very superfluity that drove the Church into this frenzy of wrath has ironically enough been perpetuated by the Church itself in the enormous starched linen headdresses of the nuns of various religious orders founded at that period.

If the Church attacked the ladies for wearing too much it also attacked the gentlemen for wearing too little.

> "Upon the other side to speak of the horrible disordinate scantinesse of clothing that through their shortnesse do not cover the shameful members of man."

The stern voice of the Church was underlined by the enactment of Sumptuary Laws, regulating precisely what each rank of caste-ridden medieval society might wear. But the laws were continually broken and heavy fines exacted.

WITH the Tudors came the introduction of the "codpiece" or "braguette"; originally designed for ease in movement and continuing as a masculine coquetry, it soon became an indispensable part of every gentleman's dress and was worn by boys from the moment they were breeched.

The token of maidenhood in Tudor times was the open bosom, and it would have been regarded as highly improper and immodest for a young woman to cover her breast until after marriage. This explains why Queen Elizabeth took such pains to wear extremely low-cut bodices until her withered old age.

Whereas in the Middle Ages the gallants had delighted in displaying their legs and buttocks in close-fitting tights, in Elizabeth's reign the dandies stuffed out their trunks stiffly with bran, horsehair and rags till they appeared to be walking in pumpkins. This style grew to such extreme proportions that special seats had to be built in the House of Commons in order to accommodate them. The Clergy as usual, denounced the immodesty of the fashion, which gave to men the swollen hips suitable to women, but the fashion continued.

Lest the beauty of women's hair prove too provocative the Church ordered the devout to conceal it beneath a veil. But again this act of modesty turned itself into a folly for the women, quick to appreciate the beauty of faces framed in linen only, began to pluck out their eyebrows and heighten their hairline as well to give themselves the delicate egg-fragile look which became the (*Continued on page* 58)

ALMA.
K. LEE

ABOVE—

Top Left : "Not quite ripe yet!" A cornfield encounter in Wensleydale, Yorkshire. **Bottom Left :** The crown of the year beside the River Wansbeck, Northumberland. **Right :** An immemorial aspect of the English summer scene, yet always pleasing—cattle slaking their thirst in Stainforth Beck, Ribblesdale.

OPPOSITE—

Top Left : Sunlight transfigures a beech-glade in the woods at Wallington, Northumberland. **Top Right :** Gypsy Portrait : The hooped caravan—now fast yielding to *de luxe* models—lends something romantic to the English summer scene. Appleby Fair, Westmorland. **Centre :** Only in East Anglia, does summer paint in her glowing colour such "Flemish" scenes as this. Late afternoon among the Flemish weavers' cottages at Kersey, Suffolk. **Bottom Left :** Pearls of the Hedgerow! A summer shower transforms the spider's dangling web by the wayside.

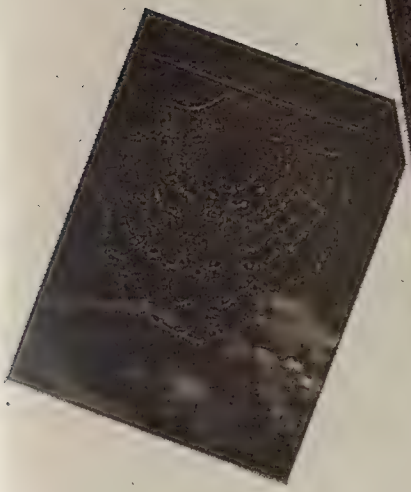
The Medley

". . . the Summer, the golden

WHAT a varied pageant goes to make the English summer! In many respects the English summer is a unique manifestation of Nature. Other countries have summers just as delightful, but they are not *our* summer. And almost every region within these shores responds somewhat differently to the annual miracle.

In Northumberland high summer means peat-laden streams burnished to the colour of old gold, or fishermen with their draw-nets competing against hungry seals for the salmon entering the mouth of the Tweed—a very curious sight. On the Norfolk Broads, bittern and heron peer quizzically through the reeds as yacht and wherry race by. Mountain streams, less turbulent now than in winter, are festooned with vivid greens. . . .

Summer gives quite a different character to the rocks of Wales and Lakeland; warmer tones emerge, moss and heather abound. Even the Whin Sill crags of Northumberland, with their towering columns of adamantine grey, nourish in tiny crevices dainty little ferns that challenge the prevailing rigours. How the sight of these brave little plant-messengers must have cheered the Roman legionaries as they paced the wall that tops the crags! The Pennines can relent, too; Ingleborough even nurtures a natural rock-garden beloved by botanists.



Each year summer casts her magic spell over the English Countryside

★

By G. BERNARD WOOD

★

Of Summer

crown'd Summer, is here!"
HOUSMAN.

SOME people prefer trees as they appear in spring or autumn, but think of the beneficent shade of their full summer foliage. What a benison are the woods and forests of England. Sherwood, Epping, the Forest of Dean, or the lovely woodlands of a vast estate like Wallington, near the Scottish border! Had there been little more that the English summer could bring to glorious fruition, the mighty "roofs" of chestnut, beech and oak, shafted with sunlight and swaying in the breeze, would have been ample.

Even summer rain can cast a spell of enchantment, as when it bejewels the otherwise unnoticed spider-web by the hedgerow, drops pearls on the waiting leaves of the water-lily in yonder pond, or creates shimmering roadside mirrors that momentarily distort, say, a stately "magpie" dwelling of old Cheshire, or some Flemish weaver's cottage in East Anglia.

Then there is the vast human pageantry of summer, most romantically exemplified, perhaps, in the gypsy encampment at some great country fair, and—at the other extreme—in the clandestine bathing idyll in some Cornish cove, or again in the sight of the climber topping Gimmer Crag or The Needle as the white galleons of the sky ride overhead. . . .

"The Summer! the Summer! the exquisite time . . ."

China Blooms Again

Frank W. Kerry, who has many years of association with a world-renowned pottery factory, writes with knowledge on the subject of choosing china

SINCE the early 1940's a generation of women has arisen who, in an era of utility pottery, have no acquaintance with the significance of such names as Royal Doulton, Wedgwood, Minton, Spode, Royal Worcester and Crown Derby—names which, in the world of Fine China, were revered by their mothers and grandmothers.

Now that decorated pottery is more freely available in the home market, many women find themselves with little knowledge in the matter of choosing new, if not a first, exciting and colourful dinner or tea service.

Let me tell you about some of the grades of tableware which come under the all-embracing term "pottery."

There are two distinct types of tableware made in this country—"bone china" and "earthenware." To compare the best type of bone china with the best fine earthenware is a little like comparing Brussels lace with fine Irish linen; each is supreme in its own field. The difference between earthenware and bone china, from the manufacturing standpoint, is largely a matter of composition and the methods by which it is decorated and fired, but each has its own particular appeal. Earthenware has an opaque body; it lends itself to the widest range of underglaze colours and colour treatments. Less expensive than fine bone china, earthenware is generally chosen for everyday use, while china is more in the nature of a luxury.

WHAT is bone china? It means, in fact, more or less what it says. "Bone" is not merely a name given to indicate hardness, but it denotes the fact that a large percentage of the "body" of the ware is actually burnt and powdered ox bone. In the best bone china the proportion of bone ash is in the region of 50 per cent. Various types of bone can be used in the production of china but the most desirable type is ox bone. Before inclusion in the body mixture the raw bone passes through various processes such as de-greasing, de-gelatinising and calcining. The calcined bone is then ground in the slop state to a predetermined fineness.

It is perhaps the most difficult ceramic body to produce: it calls for a careful scientific control and a high degree of artistic ability. Various making and firing processes are specially adopted for this type of ware, and it is long experience in these processes that has given the English potter supremacy in this particular field of ceramics. Both in America and on the Continent of Europe others have tried to produce it successfully but it has caused them so many headaches that eventually each in their turn decided to continue with the previously established use of felspar instead of bone—hence the expression, "Felspathic china," used in connection with Continental and American china.

So bone china is made only in England, and chiefly in the Potteries of North Staffordshire.

THE outstanding characteristic of English china is that it combines great strength and durability with the most delicate white translucency. Hold a plate up to the light and you will see your (*Continued on page* 57)

The great makers who have given English china its world reputation are to-day producing traditional and contemporary designs as fine as ever. These examples from matched suites, reading from the top, show a Coalport dinner plate. A Spode jug and sugar basin in a traditional pattern. A Minton teapot from a service in Shrewsbury green, with flat and raised gold groups on a ground laid green rim beside a Royal Worcester dinner plate with a ruby and gold rim. In the bottom row a Doulton cup and saucer in a century-old pattern is beside a Crown Derby dessert plate with cobalt blue border and painted centre. Finally, a Wedgwood soup cup of ruby with gold ivy leaves

SARAH was waiting in the breakfast-room, standing in the sunlight streaming through one of the many long windows. Before her lay the park

LEAVE IT TO SIR JOHN

A Complete Short Story by BARBARA SMITH

"A YOUNG lady at the front door, sir," said Perkins, coming softly into the library. "A young lady who seems in distress, sir."

Sir John lowered his *Times* and looked at his man impatiently; the three black spaniels lying at his feet raised their heads from their paws and gazed at their master.

"Perkins," he said reproachfully, "I am reading my *Times*."

He raised the paper again and went on reading.

"Yes, sir," said Perkins. "There is a young lady come to the front door, sir. A young lady who seems to be in distress, sir."

Sir John put down the paper with a sigh.

"At the *front* door?" he asked, "A *young* lady?"

"Yes, sir."

Sir John thoughtfully wrapped one long leg round the other in a way that the short spare Perkins greatly admired. It was so long since anyone had come to the front door of the Manor. The villagers and his friends in the neighbourhood knew better: they went to the side door.

Twenty years ago that door had been closed and bolted. Twenty years ago Sir John's young wife had been carried through it, thrown from her horse while hunting, to die in her young husband's arms. Twenty years ago she had left him alone and desolate. . . .

A young lady, too. So rarely now that he saw young ladies.

"Go and let her in, man, at once," he said.

"She is in, sir," said Perkins respectfully. "In the breakfast-room, sir."

"And why does she seem distressed?" asked Sir John.

"She looks as though she had been crying, sir."

"And what is her name?"

Perkins hesitated. As always when at a loss, his hand went to his pocket where he kept the only living thing he loved beside Sir John—Ferdy, his ferret. Sir John, recognizing the action, smiled faintly and repeated his question.

"What is her name, Perkins?"

"I omitted to ask, sir," said Perkins, flushing. "I was that taken aback—I mean, I was. . . ."

"Then go and ask her now, please," said his master.

WHEN the man had gone, Sir John did something he had not done for a long time, except when he shaved; he looked at himself in the mirror. Iron-grey hair, a keen bronzed face, grey eyes, rather a long nose—all that he saw, but he was staring at his tie.

"What a horrible tie," he said. "Perkins should have taken it away from me long ago."

The door opened and Perkins came back.

"Well, why has she been crying, eh?" asked Sir John.

"She didn't say, sir. She has come to stay here, sir, and her name is Miss Sarah Carruthers," replied Perkins.

"Come to stay? Why should anything young wish to stay here, Perkins? Sarah Carruthers? Never heard of her."

"She seemed to think you knew her, sir," said Perkins.

Sir John stared at him. Suddenly he looked aghast, obviously he had remembered something. He groaned.

"Perkins," he said, "I had forgotten all about her. I had forgotten. Her mother wrote to me a month back. Asked if the girl could stay here a bit with us. I wrote back and said that of course she could. And then I forgot she was coming." He groaned again. "How discourteous I have been, Perkins."

"You did *answer* the letter, sir," said Perkins in an attempt to comfort him, glancing as he spoke at the pile of unopened letters and papers heaped upon Sir John's desk.

Sir John glanced at them too and sighed.

"I think you will remember the young lady's mother, Perkins," he said. "She came here once, before she married.

IN the library Sir John was reading "The Times" and the spaniels sat at his side

My cousin Emily, Perkins. You remember her?"

A faint shudder went through Perkin's lean frame. Ferdy, instantly responsive to any distress on the part of his master, put his head out and cackled loudly.

"I see that you do remember," said Sir John. "The young lady is my goddaughter, it seems. Can you get a room ready for her quickly, Perkins? I don't want her to think she is not expected and welcomed."

"Yes, sir," said Perkins eagerly, "The Rose Room is ready and the bed aired. It will be all right, sir, you see."

Sir John smiled at him.

"You're a good chap, Perkins," he said gently.

Perkins flushed with embarrassment. His hand went to his pocket and Ferdy came out, his whiskers twitching.

"Did you hear that, Ferd?" asked Perkins softly.

SARAH was waiting in the breakfast-room standing in the sunlight streaming through one of the many long windows. Before her lay the park, finely timbered, stretching away as far as she could see—not a house in sight, only the Hereford cattle grazing the lush grass. Close at hand Sir John's white doves were cooing as they flew up and down between the courtyard and the dovecote, their wings rustling. So serene, so civilized, so beautiful a scene, no place in it for parting and heartbreak and loneliness, thought Sarah.

Behind her she heard the door open and she turned round quickly. So this was Sir John, of whom she had heard all her short life—this tall, kindly man with the keen eyes and the warm smile. At once she liked him. Holding her hand, he looked down from his great height to welcome her to his house—this fair-haired young girl, with round cheeks that should have been rosy and blue eyes that should not have been circled so darkly as though their owner knew too many sleepless nights.

"Well, goddaughter," he said. "It is very kind of you to come and cheer up two lonely men."

At the kindliness of his tone, the tears came into Sarah's eyes and she dropped her head to hide them. Sir John, who had not seen a woman's tears for more years than he cared to remember, was as distressed as Perkins had been at this evidence of Sarah's unhappiness. He spoke sharply to the spaniels, telling them to sit down. As they were all three already sitting, they looked at him puzzled and gently wagged their tails to show goodwill.

In that brief moment, Sarah had regained her composure. She spoke with a dignity rare in one so young, for Sir John, making a rapid mental calculation of the year Emily was married, thought she could not be above nineteen years old.

"It is very kind of you to let me come," she said and to Sir John, her voice was as pleasing as her face, restrained and well modulated. "I did wonder if you really expected me. Mother said that you . . ." she paused and flushed a little.

"I admit I am on occasions a little forgetful," said Sir John, also speaking with dignity. "But of course we expected you."

Sarah accepted his statement, knowing that in fact he had forgotten, or would he not have sent to meet her at the station? But she had tact and wisdom beyond her years, acquired perhaps from living with a mother often devoid of both.

"Thank you," she said, "Mother told you why . . ." and once more the colour flooded her cheeks.

"Yes," said Sir John. "I understand that a young man wants to marry you and that your mother will not give her consent."

"Yes," she said. "In a way, it is hard on her. Ever since my father was killed at the beginning of the war, when I was only nine years old, it has not been very easy for mother. She has made great sacrifices to give me a good education and clothes like the other girls and now . . ." she paused, distressed.

"And now . . ." prompted Sir John gently, sitting down and stroking the silky head of one of the spaniels, to the envy of the other two.

"And now Rodney wants me to marry him and he's a farmer without a farm," she said.

"No farm and no home to offer you, eh?" said Sir John. "Like many other young farmers, as I know too well."

Encouraged by his quiet sympathy, Sarah continued.

"You see, there was someone else and he—he—had quite a lot of money and he was much older and mother wanted me . . ." Sarah faltered a little.

"And you did not feel you could oblige," said Sir John.

Sarah smiled—rather a wavering little smile, but he was pleased to see that she could smile at all.

"Even if I hadn't been in love with Rodney, I couldn't have married a man just for his money and a home," she said earnestly.

"It has been done," murmured Sir John. "But I am glad *you* are not doing it."

She looked at him gratefully.

"Mother thinks I don't really know my own mind," she told him. "She thinks I may change. She thinks if I am away from Rodney, I will forget him. She asked me not to write to him or see him."

As she repeated this harsh ruling, Sarah turned away her head from him that he might not see her unhappiness.

"And Rodney?" asked Sir John gently. "What did he say about this?"

Sarah looked round at him and her eyes lighted. Her mouth trembled a little.

"He said I was to do as Mother asked," she said proudly. "He said I was to be brave and that in time Mother would know that we really love one another, (*Continued on page* 54)

THERE was a second man on horseback riding up behind the first

Illustrations by
EDWARD OSMOND

By GUY LIVINGSTON

ROYAL HIGHLAND HOME

THIS year there is unusual interest in the Royal Family's August visit to Deeside. For now once again—after more than fifty years—the Royal Standard will be flying over Balmoral Castle to mark the summer sojourn of a Queen.

Inevitably, the return of a Queen to Balmoral recalls the halcyon Balmoral days of Queen Victoria.

To four sovereigns this towered and turreted granite pile on the banks of the Dee has endeared itself as a holiday retreat, offering a remoteness from palace formality and the cares of state never to be found at Windsor or Sandringham. But none of its royal owners has been more attached to it, and with none is its name more closely linked, than Queen Victoria.

BALMORAL CASTLE
The residence of Her Majesty Queen Victoria about 1855

Victoria virtually made royal Balmoral; and it is around her that the longest and surely the most romantic chapter of its century-old story centres.

Affection for this Highland castle and its countryside was one of the dominant emotions of the Queen's life. As the young wife, with Prince Albert beside her, she was enraptured with it. "Every year," she wrote soon after first seeing it, "my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise." And this sentiment remained with her during her long, disconsolate widowhood right up to her death.

ACTUALLY she fell in love with the place before the present castle had been built. It was in 1848 that she went there first. She and the Prince, having already visited Scotland three times and revelled in its keen air and rugged vistas, had decided to lease a property in the Highlands.

They chose the small Deeside estate of Balmoral, owned by the Earl of Fife. Its house was modest, but with its magnificent views of the Grampians, fine situation and bracing climate it seemed to both of them ideal.

Victoria, particularly, was enchanted. Describing that memorable September day in 1848 when they first went into residence there she wrote: "We arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to three. It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower and garden in front with a high wooded hill; at the back there is a wood down to the Dee, and the hills rise all around."

And she rather wistfully added after further detailing of the surrounding beauties: "All seems to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils."

Entering wholeheartedly into Highland life, a few days later the Queen established a royal tradition by attending the Braemar Gathering. Her children accompanied her, fittingly dressed for the first time in the Royal Stewart tartan.

How truly unpalatial was the "pretty little castle" is told by Charles Greville, Clerk of the Council and noted diarist, who was called to attend a Council meeting at Balmoral in September, 1849.

He, too, found the place "pretty," the house "very small." And of the royal couple he wrote: "They live not merely like private gentlefolks, but like very small gentlefolks. The whole guard of the Sovereign and the whole Royal Family is a single policeman."

The enthusiastic young Queen, he noted, was "running in and out of the house all day long, and often goes about alone, walks into cottages, and sits down and chats with the old women."

But the Prince, who was happy enough shooting and tramping the hills which reminded him of his beloved Thuringerwald, had more grandiose ideas about the future of Balmoral. He visualized a real castle on this delectable spot, an edifice more imposingly in keeping with Victoria's position.

So it was that in 1852 Balmoral was bought from its owner and became a royal estate. And the Prince was soon busy scheming and planning to improve the new property. The layout of the grounds was altered and an Aberdeen architect, Mr. William Smith, called in to design a grand new residence under Albert's direction.

In 1853 the Queen, with some formality, laid the foundation stone and there arose, advantageously fronting the Dee, a spacious castellated granite structure, Scottish-baronial in style, with a dominating tower 100 feet high—very different from the intimate "little castle" it displaced. It cost £100,000.

Two years later it was completed and the royal party moved in. But while the castle's bold and dignified exterior fitted well into its Highland setting, the interior was to some tastes overbright with local colour.

For against a pleasing background of (*Continued on page* 63)

Another view of Balmoral Castle showing the magnificent surrounding country

Something

The Coldrator Refrigerator has a two-section freezer, chiller for meat and two salad dishes besides general storage

The new English Electric refrigerator has an increased capacity and now contains two humi-drawers and a large meat keeper

The General Electric Company five-cubic feet refrigerator has been designed for the average household of five persons

The Electrolux refrigerator is operated by gas, electricity or oil and though small has a storage capacity of three cubic feet

MY first yearnings for a 'frig began I think with American movies. Just as film people have only to put a match to a log fire to set it burning merrily, so when they make a raid on the refrigerator it is always bursting with delicious food including the whole roast chicken which, in their world, is plainly included in the snack category.

Now that I have reached the status of a 'frig owner I confess that these long anticipated raids are apt to produce nothing more enticing than liver sausage or a piece of cheese, but though I never hope to aspire to movie standards I am learning that a proper performance on the part of the 'frig calls for some imagination from me. The ice box has magic in it, but you have to help with the conjuring.

In previous summers my housewife friends have been divided into two distinct classes. Those with and those without a 'frig. How enviously have we the "withouts" supped on the cold consommés, the chilled savouries and ice-cold mousse at the homes of the "withs" and how exhaustively have we explored the "amenities" of cool safes, earthenware milk and butter crocks sadly draped in damp muslin, and, of course, those tediously familiar recipes for using up curdled milk!

I LOOK back on those days of cozening the fishmonger for ice with gratitude for my new condition, grateful that I no longer have to burden myself with blocks of ice three times the size required because the fishmonger wouldn't deliver it in small quantities; then wrapping the intractable creature in sacking to keep it from melting. Sacrilege though it was, I used to use one of H.M. Diplomatic Bags which had mysteriously survived my days at the Foreign Office.

For all this, we did once achieve a triumph when we ordered a full-size block of ice for a party and bored a large hole in the centre with a red-hot poker. We set it up on a metal tray on a table in the sitting-room and into the well poured equal quantities of champagne and claret with a little brandy, Curaçao and mineral water. The effect of this

in the Ice Box

hollowed-out block standing against a background of geraniums and lobelia in the window box, with sliced orange, lemon and green sprigs of mint floating on the drink of which we ladled out with a silver soup ladle was really rewarding. All the same, I prefer the white enamelled efficiency of my 'frig.

The first weeks of ownership are a test of character. It is vitally important, I have found, to follow the instructions which come with the apparatus. For instance, bacon must be kept in greaseproof wrapping or a plastic container or it goes tough. Wet fish should be wrapped and placed in the coldest part of the cabinet. Even so, don't keep it more than twenty-four hours. All dairy produce, having such a high percentage of fat which absorbs flavour from other foodstuffs, must be covered. Even the milk bottles should keep their caps on.

Never put warm food in the 'frig. It creates more frost and slows cooling. To cool something quickly, pack it round with ice cubes in an outer basin. When it has cooled, it can go in the 'frig.

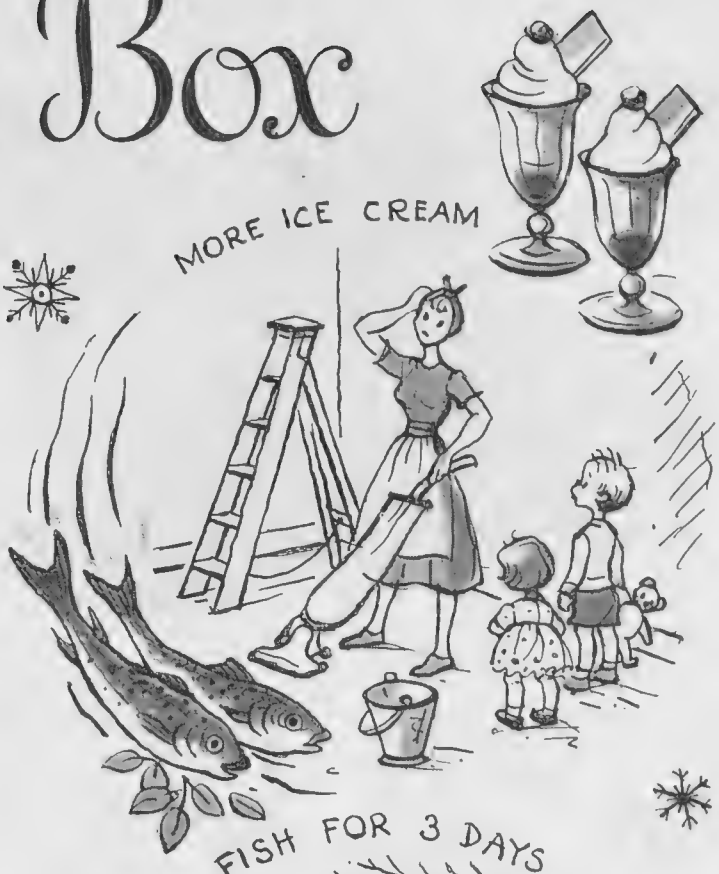
IT is less than thirty years since the household refrigerator was sold in Britain but the story of the struggle to preserve food by keeping it cold goes back to the ancient Egyptians.

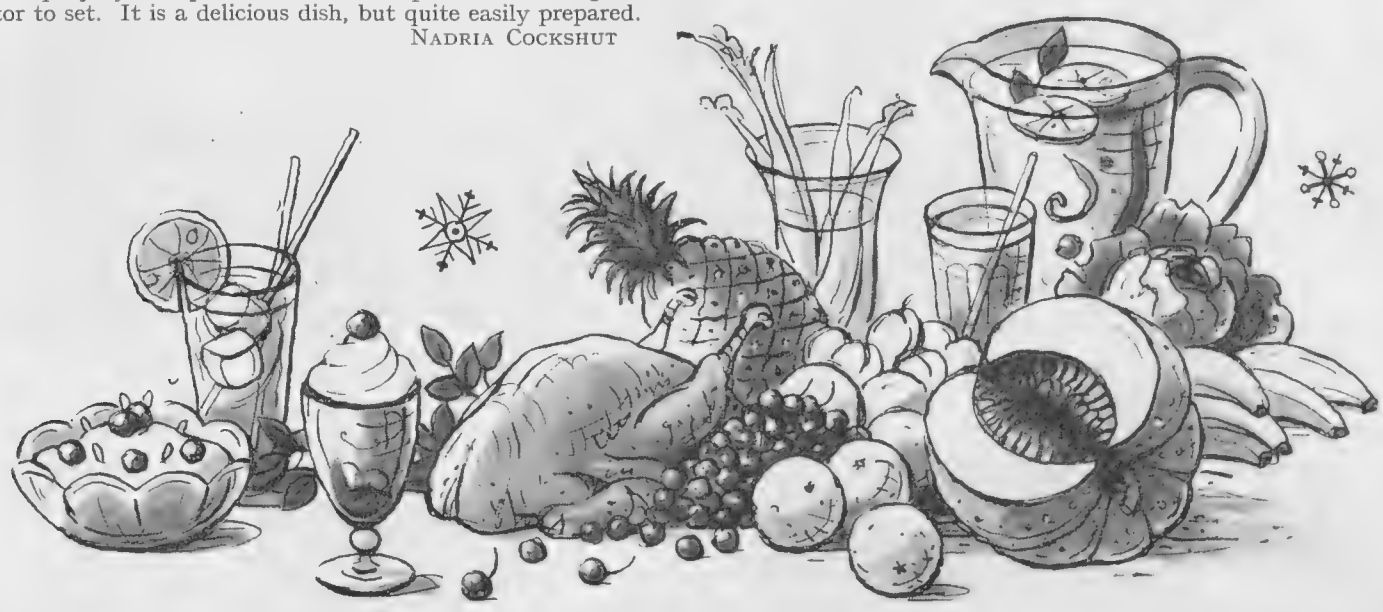
Francis Bacon, who jumped out of his coach in a snowstorm on Highgate Hill to stuff a dead hen with snow (thereby catching his death of cold) has been called the discoverer of refrigeration, but probably the first man to see something in the ice box was the Emperor Nero. Nearly two thousand years ago this resourceful gentleman had his slaves toil up the rocky slopes of the Apennines to bring back ice and snow to Rome. It was then packed in deep trenches insulated with straw and used to cool the fish, the fruit and the wines for the Emperor's astonishing banquets.

On a more modest scale I look forward to the chilled drinks and jellied consommés; the ice puddings—so simple to make—and the cool fruit mousse, not to say the appetizing fish creams I can now provide for the family.

One of my favourites to date is made with a small smoked haddock cooked and flaked or finely chopped. A half an ounce of gelatine is then strained into a gill of whipped cream or top of the milk and mixed with a gill of white sauce. Stir in the fish flakes and season with salt, Cayenne and a little lemon juice and Tarragon vinegar. Mask some dariole moulds with aspic and decorate the bottoms with sprigs of parsley, or chopped hard-boiled egg. When the aspic sets put in the haddock cream, pour a layer of aspic jelly on top of each mould and place in the refrigerator to set. It is a delicious dish, but quite easily prepared.

NADRIA COCKSHUT





Country Letter

by C. Henry Warren

ALL the year leads up to harvest—at least it does with us, here in the corn-belt of East Anglia. Corn-growing has been in our blood, so to speak, for centuries. The heavy clay is just right for it, so is the plentiful sunshine. In the old days, here, farming *was* corn. And if, to-day, other crops have come more to the fore, we still behave as if corn were the only crop that really mattered.

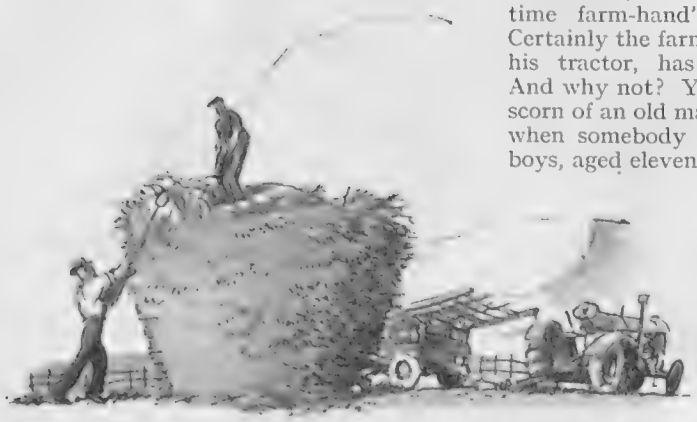
From the time the wheat begins to unfurl its flags (the two stiff leaves sheltering the flower) to the time when cutting begins in earnest, we talk corn, think corn, and pretty nearly live corn. Down in the pub of an evening this is especially noticeable. Somebody comes in with an outsize ear of wheat tucked in his button-hole; or somebody else says he has just heard that so-and-so begins cutting to-morrow; and then the talk begins. Sooner or later, the old men will be sure to trot out their boastful tales of harvests long ago—of weather so good that the youngsters of to-day could never imagine what bumper crops there were, or of weather so bad that the sheaves were still standing out in the fields when the snow came, and the corn was not even fit to feed the pigs. But most of all, they like to tell of feats of skill with the scythe and of the enormous quantities of beer that went down the scythesman's gullet.

No doubt some of the old men's tales need to be taken with a pinch of salt; even so the fact remains that those were days of hard work and heavy endurance. Endurance, I would say, was the old-time farm-hand's outstanding quality. Certainly the farmhand of to-day, driving his tractor, has a less arduous time. And why not? Yet I shall not forget the scorn of an old man, one day last harvest, when somebody had just told how two boys, aged eleven and twelve, had carried Farmer Wright's wheat for him because he was short-handed.

Everyone was full of admiration for the way those boys had done the job, guiding the tractor skilfully in and out of the gateways and bringing their loads up to the stack in record time. Only the old man said nothing. Then, taking a long, slow drink and wiping his fist across his lips, he said: "Well, of course; it's all a lot of child's play nowadays!"

WITHOUT necessarily agreeing, it must be admitted that, by and large, yesterday's farmhand was both tough and skilful. In my garden there stands an old apple tree. I inherited it with the house, which was once a couple of farm cottages. A rusty scythe hung in the apple tree's crutch, and it hangs there still, rustier than ever. I leave it there because it belonged to old Frank Saunders, a former inhabitant of whom I wrote in an earlier "Country Letter." Immemorially it has been the custom for farmhands to hang their scythes in the apple tree in their gardens. "It rusts 'em," I was told, "and then you can get a better edge."

But however this may be, I like to see the rusty scythe hanging in the tree if only to remind me how old Frank had a reputation for being one of the swiftest and most skilled scythesmen in the district. His skill is still talked about—of how an acre a day for cutting and tieing wheat (two acres for barley, which was carried loose) was his steady average; of how, too, he was always chosen "lord of the harvest," as the leader of the band of reapers was called, because he was such a good worker; and of how he carried a little wooden keg of beer at his belt, containing a gallon and a half, and would empty the lot by dinner-time. Is it surprising that I keep his scythe hanging in my apple tree? (*Continued on page* 68)



"Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told"

THIRD LESSON

The first stages of cutting out from a paper pattern and fitting were discussed in the two preceding articles. This article deals with the actual seaming and stitching

by Joan Bamford

AN extra skirt is useful and really quite simple to make, so if you are just beginning to make your own clothes, it will serve to try your skill.

Choose a good skirt weight material not too heavy for your first attempt. A worsted flannel or a suiting would be best. Leave heavy tweeds for later, as they are bulky to sew and difficult to press in your beginning stages of dressmaking.

When you are making a skirt the seams are important. Be sure to press them as you do them on the wrong side, using a damp cloth. In most skirts, single seams are used and the edges separated at the back, pressed open and oversewn separately (see Fig. I). On some materials such as taffeta or cotton, pinking shears can be used to neaten the edges. If there are curved seams, these should be clipped before oversewing (see Fig. II).

Press all seams open in hem before turning it up, especially for pleated skirts, and do not oversew seams inside the hem.

Be sure not to skimp the material when cutting a pleated skirt and when it comes to stitching, work from the bottom of the pleat upwards. The same applies when you press them. Any stitching or pressing down a pleat tends to stretch the edge and spoil the hang.

A row of stitching through the extreme edge of the pleat, either by machine or very neatly as in some tailored skirts, by hand, gives the appearance of keeping it pressed in wear. If you are afraid to try it in the early stages, do it on the inside edge of the pleat only, on the wrong side of the work.

A BLOUSE is another garment that is easy to make for yourself. Sleeves and collars frighten the amateur a little, but they are really quite simple.

There is no magic in setting in a sleeve. Underarm seam should join to underarm sleeve of blouse, and the notches in the pattern should help you to gather top of sleeve, and to distribute the gathers evenly when pinning the sleeve into the garment. Hold top of sleeve towards you as you pin into armhole. Having fitted it on and found correct, begin stitching at underarm seam, with sleeve on top, that is machine inside sleeve. Overlap stitching an inch when you finish to strengthen. If fabric frays easily, make a double row of stitching all round and oversew to neaten. A tailor's cushion or a sleeve board are helpful when pressing.

It is quite impossible to get the correct even length of a skirt without the assistance of a kind friend. Finish everything except the hem and put on the skirt. Ask your assistant to put a row of pins all round the skirt at an even distance from the floor the length you want it finished. A ruler or an inch tape can be used.

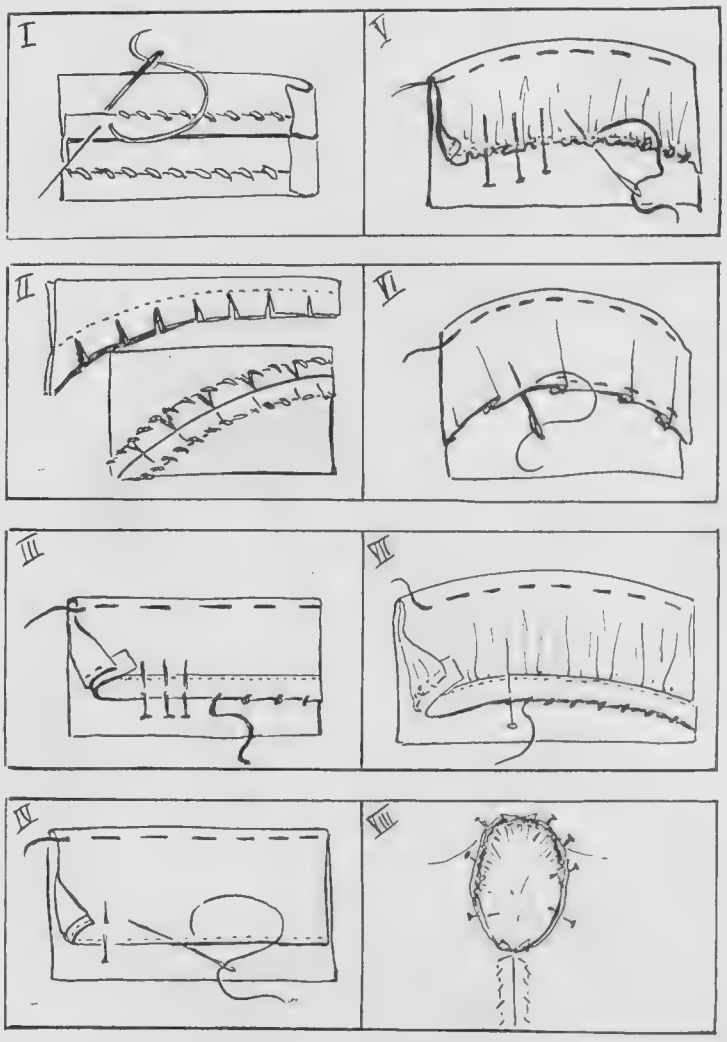
Once you have your guiding pins, take off the skirt and run a coloured tack all round on the pins before removing them. Now fold down with this coloured tack on the very edge, and with the work resting on a table, tack again, this time through the double fabric about a quarter of an inch below the coloured edge tack. (This will be a great help in getting the hem flat and even).

Having completed this tack, right round the skirt, through the double fabric, take an inch tape and cut away the fabric to form an even amount for the hem.

TO finish the hem, for most skirts, the correct method is to machine a narrow tape or binding to the raw edge of the fabric and slipstitch the other edge of the tape by hand to the skirt as in Fig. III. The usual method for a thin skirt like cotton or silk is to turn under the raw edge, narrowly machine through the double fabric, then slipstitch that edge to the skirt (Fig. IV).

The hems of flared or circular skirts are treated the same way until it comes to actually stitching them, as of course there will be fullness to get rid of in the turn up. (See Figs. V, VI, VII.) Choose the method best suited to your own fabric.

Be sure to cut the collar on the grain of the material suggested on the pattern charts as the grain of the fabric of the collar gives it the required "set." Try on the paper collar before you cut it and if it seems good, cut and tack it most carefully. If the paper collar fitted well but tacked into the blouse it does not, look at the armholes and bust. Any pull at these points can spoil the set of the collar. A good press under a damp cloth avoids those shiny corners where the collar is thick. It is worth these extra efforts to achieve a professional finish.



English Rose

By JOHN USBORNE

JULIET was wrong about "that which we call a Rose." Just as she inflated her own love for Romeo with repetition of her Romeo's name—and *how* she repeated Romeo and rolled Romeo round her tongue: even her old nurse mouthed Romeo four times in two lines—so the beauty of the rose is incomplete without the name.

It is no philological fluke that the rose is beautiful in any language. It is far from a slight on its beauty that its name is so short. Valerian, veronica, mimosa, delphinium, angelica are beautiful names, but they carry hints of vanity, of the flirtatious. Perfect beauty must be perfectly simple. It is pleasing to hear from students of prosody that there is no consonant in our language more lyrically responsive than the R and no vowel than the long O. Look up the words which begin with the RO sound. No wonder rat-catchers are trying to win the love of their ladies by calling themselves "Rodent-operators."

History, like Juliet's nurse with Romeo, is befuddled with the rose. "No man knows through what wild centuries roves back the rose"; the beauty of the name, the beauty of the flower, outwits history and bears gifts to legend. Rose-romance burgeons and pervades like the rampant briar. Being a chronicle of human errors and imperfections, history cannot manage faultless beauty.

We can be sure of nothing, for instance, that is written about Anne of Bohemia, except that she was beautiful and good. For this reason legend tells of a royal husband who grew roses for her delight. Rosamund, daughter of Sir Walter de Clifford, was loved for beauty and goodness by a prince not yet out of his teens. When the prince, Henry Plantagenet, became Henry II in 1154, he was obliged to marry an enormously rich and enormously unattractive lady called Eleanor of Aquitaine, but was as determined to remain husband in all but name to Fair Rosamund as Ugly Eleanor was determined otherwise. Fair Rosamund had two other loves: embroidery, which helped her to wait for her lord's unofficial week-ends, and the rose which draped itself so luxuriously over the walls and trellises of Woodstock Castle, her Grace-and-Favour residence. It was a simple, five-petalled rose, but rare in colour, striped damask and white, and so fragrant she almost swooned at the scent; as she swooned in the arms of her king when:

"Great bliss was with them, and great happiness
Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress.
Parting they seem'd to tread upon the air,
Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart."

IT must have been a wet day when Queen Eleanor came to Woodstock. For Fair Rosamund sat in her bower, happy with her embroidery. No doubt she sang, "Tirra Lirra." For great bliss was still with her; Henry was not to be away long. A heavy foot was heard upon the stair. Who had revealed. . . . Who had dared to betray . . . ? As she turned to run, she stuffed her ball of silk into her pocket. She had time to reach the garden and dart into her box-hedge maze, where she and Henry had so often played Lovers' Hide and Seek, where she knew the best corners in which to be found by Henry and lost by and to all else but Henry. As she settled in one of these corners, breathless but confident of not being found, she noticed that the silken ball in her pocket had shrunk to near-nothingness. It was the old story of the maze and the silken skein. Alas! The legendary dice were loaded against her. In no time at all Eleanor was upon her with a phial of deadly poison. "Swallow this, little adulteress!" snarled the Queen. And swallow it she did, and died. It is not recorded what Henry did to Eleanor at that point in their married life. For Fair Rosamund, fairer almost in death than she had been in life, he had billows of her favourite rose heaped on her coffin as it rested in Godstow nunnery: *Rosa Mundi* or, more accurately, *Rosa Gallica* var. *versicolor*.

The story of Fair Rosamund is the first complete genuinely native rose-romance of our island story. It set the tone for future royalty and, within a few generations, the rose had been incorporated into the royal escutcheon, a symbol of chivalry, beauty, completeness, purity, perfection. Without this (*Continued on page* 61)

(*Right*) The walled rose garden at Hampton Court Palace with Henry VIII's Great Hall in the background

THERE was only one room at Marjorie's Tea Rooms for the Hampstead housewives to meet and gossip at elevenses

There are various roads to the simplest

Coy, Uncertain

A SHORT STORY BY
SELWYN JEPSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JACK FAULKS

THEY all wanted her but Adam Adams got her. You might say that of them all he least wanted her, that if marrying someone with your eyes open to her weaknesses means you love her with reservations, then he loved Evelyn Brooks scarcely at all.

But how else save by marrying her could he have become what he is to-day? The youngest Chief Detective Inspector in the Department? How else could he have acquired his reputation for infallibility which makes the little and the big ones alike fly at the very thought of him, and even on occasions turns them shivering to the paths of honesty?

How else?

He was but three months out of Hendon when he took the Diamonds and five of their top boys. Yes, Adams took them; Adams of whom the college thought nothing in promise except that he was hard-working and anxious to do well in the Force. Who wasn't?

But the Diamond brothers! And single-handed at that!

The place was "Marjorie's Tea Rooms." There was only one room, however, in which teas were served, tea or milky coffee with rock cakes for the Hampstead housewives meeting to gossip at elevenses in the course of morning shopping. The only other "room" was the kitchen, full of gas stove and Marjorie herself, once a district nurse in Towcester who had invested her savings in the café, choosing it for the respectability of its location—in Mill Lane off the High Street—and the public she hoped to serve.

The Diamonds chose it for exactly the same reasons as an occasional Thursday afternoon meeting place. Marjorie always welcomed them with pleasure for they came in the slack of the afternoon before teatime and were quiet and gentlemanly, always using the ashtrays instead of their saucers—a sure sign. She knew they were travellers, "commercials," because they usually had their attaché or suitcases with them. Sometimes there were as many as seven or eight gentlemen, all at once, practically filling the room.

SO it was that particular Thursday when Adam Adams walked in and sat down at the single table by the door and asked for a cup of coffee in a low, almost inaudible voice. Marjorie looked at him doubtfully. There was something violently unpleasant about him—at least it *felt* unpleasant, so strong was its emanation. A great grimness. Yet he wore a neat blue suit and his hair was tidy when he took off his soft brown hat. It was his face, really. His eyes weren't focused on anything, but stared unwinkingly at secret thoughts, his mouth was harsh and his jaw like a rock. She felt quite shaken.

And she was not imagining things. Her "gentlemen" seemed to have noticed it also, for they had stopped talking amongst themselves and were looking into their tea cups. They were, of course, too well-mannered to look at the young man himself. She made up her mind then and there to rid them of the embarrassment of this unpleasant stranger and told him straight out she was sorry but the table was reserved, that there was none other available, as he could see, and in any case she did not serve coffee after two-thirty.

"In that case," said Adam Adams in the same low, grim voice, "I'll have tea," and made no effort to leave but continued to stare unseeingly in front of him with a stillness which became more menacing with your awareness of it. Marjorie glanced apologetically round the small room, shrugged her shoulders and went to the kitchen for a pot of tea for him.

The usual muted buzz of conversation was still absent when she returned. She dumped the tea in front of the young man and returned to her cake-making, thinking it was just her luck he should choose *her* café to be nasty in. How he managed it without opening his mouth—it was really extraordinary.

AS the kitchen door closed Fred Diamond raised his sharp shoe-button eyes to meet his brother George's. There was a definite question in the momentary glance and George nodded very slightly in affirmative answer which however retained the right to doubt the instinct which had prompted it. The fact that Fred had asked the question at all showed how probably right he was. His nose for a copper was exceptionally keen.

Coppers were Fred's department. George and the mob in general looked to him to watch that side of the business. He felt suddenly angry. "Marjorie's" had been his choice, and you'd have thought it a good one. He could have sworn, too, that it was still "safe." Mill Lane was narrow. You could come into it either from the High Street or the top of Fitzjohn's Avenue and have a clear view both ways, and could check for sure whether you were being tailed

SHE dumped the tea in front of the young man and returned to her cake making. It was just her luck he should choose her café

promotion, and for Adam was to marry Evelyn

before you stepped off the pavement into "Marjorie's." None of the boys would be here now if there had been any such awkwardness this afternoon. So you could argue. . . .

But there by the door—if the man was what Fred's inner nose told him he was—sat demonstrable proof that awkwardness was upon them. Very bad awkwardness indeed.

Fred shifted his large behind in the small hard chair in a tentative movement. He was not going to do anything—yet. He merely wanted to see what reaction there was. But there was none. That stony face remained still with the inner tenseness of a man holding himself in for an inevitable moment of action forseeable only by himself—thus Fred interpreted it. Although fat he was usually a cool man but now he began to feel the sweat running between his furrowed eyebrows. His brother was watching him, the others were watching him; but each had a sideways eye on the man at the small table.

Little Alfie, the shiv boy, was waiting for a sign. He hoped to God Alfie would keep still, that everyone would keep still—including himself. The automatic pistol in his overcoat pocket seemed to be pressing itself into his thigh, urging him. Little Alfie *must* stay quiet. If the chap was a copper, he wouldn't be alone—it stood to reason. He was waiting for a signal from outside, from the other coppers converging from both ends of Mill Lane . . . yes, Fred had it worked out now. Little Alfie's razor would not talk big enough, not big enough to talk them out of this. So it was up to him. He tried a more definite movement this time, reaching into his hip pocket. But under hooded eyelids he saw that again the copper was unaffected. The man's nerve was as frightening as his face. Yes, like stone. You could break yourself against a man like that. Fred's hand shook a little as he ran the comb through his sleek, black hair before returning it to his hip pocket.

If only he would look at them, at any one of them—instead of through them, as though they did not exist!

SUDDENLY Fred couldn't stand it another second. He slid his hand into his overcoat pocket and said thickly: "Stand up copper—stand up slowly."

Adam's eyes became alive at last, alive to the extent that they saw Fred and the thing Fred held in his right hand. But Adam's bleak and purposeful grimness did not leave his face; indeed it deepened.

"I said stand up," repeated Fred with a rising note he could not control. "We're going out of here with you and if anybody outside starts anything it'll be the first step towards a funeral. You've got to have a body, see, and yours'll be it. Georgie, put a chair against the old girl's door."

"Yes, Fred."

Adam had not yet obeyed the order to stand up. He watched Georgie wedge the back of his chair under the kitchen door-knob.

Fred—Georgie? Ah, yes. The Diamond brothers. He'd been breast-fed practically, on the Diamonds. . . . And that would be little Alfie. Also quite famous. Little Alfie. . . .

He stood up. He did not feel particularly afraid, perhaps because his senses, oddly, including his sense of smell, told him these men were afraid of *him*. It was remarkable. But he did not at that point wonder why.

He stood up, therefore, easily and looked at the seven men, from one to the other and confirmed his belief that he had an edge on them, just sufficient edge. . . .

But in any case, that gun—that sort of thing would never do. . . .

He stepped up to Fred Diamond and took the automatic out of his hand. Fred tried to explain to himself later that in those split seconds in which he had had time to pull the trigger, and did not, some power froze his finger; he even thought it might have been hypnotism, which, of course, could have been so to the extent that it was self induced by the accumulated and unreasoning fear.

"I am a police officer," said Adam. "I must ask you all to accompany me to the station where the necessary inquiries—*stand still Alfie!*"

Little Alfie stood still.

"Put it on the table," said Adam, and Little Alfie put the razor on the table.

"And the other one." Adam remembered what he had learnt at Hendon. They always carried two. Little Alfie swore under his breath in Cypriot and put his spare by the side of the first.

(*Continued on page* 56)

"PUT it on the table," said Adam, and little Alfie put the razor down

Suggestions for your holiday reading

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

POLITICIANS write mainly for politicians in recounting the Parliamentary and diplomatic crises of yesterday, and this applies to Viscount Simon's memoirs of an eminent career as Attorney-General, Home Secretary, Chancellor of the Exechequer, Foreign Secretary, and president of the Royal Commission on India: **"Retrospect"** (Hutchinson, 25s.). More to my liking, I confess, are the casual asides. Herriot at the Lausanne Conference, for example, watching von Papen and whispering to Simon: "The more that I study the face of a German cavalry officer, the more I admire—his horse!" Ribbentrop in London sending out invitations in high-falutin' German, with the result that one Minister turns up for dinner when he was invited to lunch. Mrs. Ronald Greville's reply when he haughtily upheld a German's right to send them out in his own tongue: "Well, it would be very awkward if the Siamese took the same course!" They help to lighten a narrative which makes rather formal, if important, reading.

THERE'S nothing formal about Jean Nicol's retrospect of ten years as P.R.O. of the Savoy group of hotels. She describes the inner workings of the Savoy, on which Arnold Bennett modelled his *Imperial Palace*; gives close-ups of everyone from Royalty to film stars, maharajahs, and the Indian prince, son of the Nawab of Bahawalpur, who fell in love with the photograph of a sixteen-year-old daughter of a £6-a-week railworker, married her, and took her back to India to be his princess. Item: Lady Oxford turning up one day with folds of pink satin showing beneath her fur coat and saying gaily, "It's my new evening dress, and it's so heavenly that I had to go out to lunch in it." Much of **"Meet Me At The Savoy"** (Museum Press, 17s. 6d.) might be called the Pressboys' Valhalla, for never have they, who write up others, been so written up in turn. There must have been a Fleet Street stampede for the Index when the review copies came in.

DR. DONALD McI. JOHNSON bit off something when he gave up his practice, bought the Marlborough Arms, Woodstock, and set about changing it from a coach pull-up to a high-class hotel. His predecessor would run out of beer and send to the off-licence for it when a customer (*Continued on page* 60)

Jean Nicol, authoress of **"Meet Me At The Savoy,"** takes you behind the scenes of the Savoy, Claridge's and the Berkeley

Judy Fallon, an Australian, gives a diverting account of life in New Caledonia in her latest novel **"Pacific Pantomime"**

"Red Dust Of Africa," by Alyse Simpson, tells of the author's choice between two loyalties—her husband and her native land

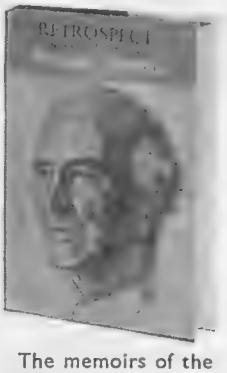
CHOICE OF THE MONTH

"THE WITCH'S THORN"

RARELY one strikes a novel in which style, characters, situation ring mint-new in every line. Ruth Park's **"The Witch's Thorn"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is a New Zealand story of Bethell, unwanted love-child of a wayward, consumptive mother who runs off to Auckland to "have a good time," leaving her to the mercies of relatives, her presumed father, and the battering of a hostile world. She loves a Maori boy in an idyll of touching beauty and finds release, seemingly, when life at its blackest has beaten her down. It has humour, pathos, tragedy, passion, and that vital pulse-beat which is always in the touch of genius.

"THIS IS THE HOUR"

LION FEUCHTWANGER has it—though slower, stronger—in **"This Is The Hour"** (Hutchinson, 15s.), a novel—finely translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter and Frances Fawcett—of the triumphant middle-years of the Spanish artist Goya and the love for the incendiary Duchess of Alba which kindled fulfilment. His old-master portraits of a feudal, corrupt Court and Inquisition, his backgrounds of landscape and people, are done with a magic that will not disappoint those to whom *Jew Süss* was an event. Time he may sometimes telescope for his purposes, but what matter when his characters inhabit a literary eternity?



The memoirs of the Rt. Hon. Viscount Simon, G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O., are described in his book **"Retrospect"**

New Way Neckline

The yoke of this jumper, with its unusual cross-buttoning, is knitted separately and sewn in position afterwards.

FRONT

Cast on 120 sts. on No. 11 needles and work in st.st. for 2 ins. Bend over work horizontally and k. tog. 1st st. of row with 1st st. of cast-on row. Continue in this way to end of row, thus forming a small hem. P. 1 row. Take 2 tog. at each end of next and every following 5th row 6 times (108). Change to No. 12 needles and work without shaping until work measures 6 ins. from beg. Now change back to No. 11 needles and inc. at each end of this and every following 4th row 16 times (140). Continue until work measures 12 ins. from beg. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. at each end of next 7 k. rows (116). Continue without shaping until work measures 16¼ ins. Cast off.

BACK

Work as for front but continue to knit without shaping after armhole decs. until work measures 20 ins. Cast off.

YOKE

Cast on 34 sts. on No. 11 needles and work for 7¼ ins. in st.st. Next row, right side of work facing, cast off 19, continue on remaining sts. for 2½ ins.

Next row.—K. 5, cast off 5, k. 5.

Next row.—P. 5, cast on 5, p. 5.

Now take 2 tog. at beg. of every row 10 times. Cast off. Work second piece to match exactly.

SHOULDER GUSSET

Cast on 8 sts. Work 6 rows. Inc. at each end of next row. Work 5 rows. Rep. these 6 rows 7 times. Cast off. Work second gusset to match exactly.

SLEEVE

Cast on 88 sts. on No. 12 needles and work in st.st. for 2 ins. Turn over work and make hem as for body of garment. P. 1 row. Change to No. 11 needles and inc. at each end of next and every following 6th row 6 times in all. Continue until work measures 4½ ins. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. at each end of every alternate row 15 times, then on every row 20 times. Cast off. Work second sleeve to match exactly.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces very well under damp cloth. Work 1 row of double crochet all round lower yoke tab, from point of casting off at 7¼ ins. to corresponding point at opposite side. Stitch this piece of yoke, with tab at bottom, to front of jersey as far as point of casting off. Stitch upper piece of yoke to front of jersey to corresponding point. Stitch gussets to upper part of either side of yoke and also to top of back. Set sleeves into armholes. Join side seams. Work 1 row of double crochet all round neck, beg. at top of left yoke, continue across gusset, finishing at opposite side on tab of right yoke containing buttonhole and working right round this to point of casting off. Press again.

This pattern requires 7 oz. Sirdar Majestic Fingering 3-ply in dusty pink Shade No. 150, one pair each of No. 11 and No. 12 needles and a small crochet hook. The two fancy buttons should be about one inch across. Gilt glass buttons would probably be best as they are light in weight and will not drag the fabric. The measurements of the jumper are length 21 in., bust 34 in., underarm seam 4½ in. if the stocking stitch is worked at a tension of 8 stitches and 11 rows to one inch. It is important to keep to this exact tension, not only for the sake of the size, but also for good fit

Knit this attractive Jumper with a view to the

Prospects of Autumn

The maize and black striped yoke and neat Peter Pan collar make this design something out of the ordinary to wear on the first cool days of autumn. It takes 7 ozs. Golden Eagle 3-ply Polyknit in maize and 1 oz. of black. One pair each of No. 9 and No. 13 needles and 4 small buttons for the neck fastening are also required. Worked at a tension of 7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in. with No. 9 needles, the jumper measures 34 ins. bust, 20 ins. length and 17 ins. sleeve seam.

This jumper is worked for the main part in stocking stitch, using plain knitting for the striped yoke and cuffs.

THE BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

With No. 9 needles, cast on 100 sts. in main colour. Work all k. for 20 rows. Change to stocking st. and work 3 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 8th row until there are 116 sts. Work straight until there are 12 ins. from casting-on. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 90 sts. Now work 35 sts. Cast off 20, work 35. Continue on these 35 sts. and k. 2 tog. at centre edge on every row until there are 19 sts. Now k. 2 tog. at centre edge on every row until there are no sts. Fasten off. Work other shoulder the same.

THE COLLAR (2 pieces alike).

With No. 13 needles, cast on 16 sts. in main colour. Work for 6 ins. all k. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

With No. 9 needles, cast on 50 sts. in main colour. Work stocking st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 84 sts. Work straight until there are 15½ ins. from casting-on. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 20 sts. Cast off.

THE YOKE

With No. 13 needles and main colour, cast on 20 sts. Work all k. and 2 rows of each colour throughout, shaping thus: M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 68 sts. Now m. 1 st. at beg, and end of every 4th row until there are 92 sts.

Now work on half the sts. only, leaving other 46 until later, and k. 2 tog. at centre edge on every other row, keeping outside edge straight until there are 10 decreases made. Work straight for 2 ins. Now m. 1 st. at same edge as you decreased, on every other row until there are 46 sts. again. Leave on spare needle. Now return to other 46 sts. and work straight on these for 2½ ins. Cast off. Cast on a fresh 46 and work 2½ ins. Now s. all 92 sts. on one needle, and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 68 sts. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 20 sts. Cast off.

THE EDGE TO YOKE

With No. 13 needles, cast on 10 sts. in main colour. Work k. for long enough to surround yoke easily. Cast off.

CUFFS (2 alike)

Cast on 26 sts. Work the stripes as yoke for 7 ins.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew on cuffs. Sew buttons and loops to fasten yoke at back. Sew on collar pieces. Sew yoke on to back and front allowing just enough yoke to form upper part of armhole, fitting it together flat on table before sewing, with sleeves also in place. To neaten the join, sew the yoke edging all round by one edge only.

A Form Of Beauty

THE fortunate sylphs can cut a snappy figure in outfits such as this from Simpsons. The others acquire their silhouettes with the aid of a clever foundation. A deep brassiere, such as one by Kayser Bondor (1) *gives most support to a heavy bust. Thickness round the diaphragm and waist will respond to diet and vibro-massage. For the youngster, a corselette will give a slim waistline, but for the maturer figure, better control is afforded by a deep brassiere and a high-waisted corset. The model sketched* (2) *is by Court Royal. While exercises will help to flatten young tummies, older women will need the extra help afforded by a rigid front foundation such as* (3) *by Silhouette. A low-cut corset* (4) *by Court Royal will keep hips and thighs under control. But well-directed "spot" treatment will prevent that unbecoming bulge below the edge of the foundation.*

Beauty by Chrysis.

If you have any figure problem on which you would like advice, or if you would be interested to have further details of any slimming treatment or preparation mentioned in this article, please write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195, Strand, W.C.2

THERE has been of late much emphasis on dieting as the one and only method of reducing weight and perfecting the figure. Of course, dieting is effective and has the virtue of improving the general health where the slimming diet is better balanced than the fattening one it replaces. But dieting is not the panacea of all figure problems, as many who have tried it in good faith know too well.

Putting aside the will power necessary to say "No" to foods which are more than usually tasty when you are hungry, there are other practical objections to dieting which its exponents do not always fairly state. Dieting, for instance, is not effective in all cases, particularly where the overweight is due to some glandular disturbance. Nor is it to be recommended for "spot" reduction in an otherwise good figure, for this can lead to a lean and hungry look before the hips or the calves or whatever, come down to the desired measurement. Dieting is not an overnight remedy, and human nature being what it is, that is probably the most telling objection of all. No one can blame a woman for wanting to improve her figure immediately. Quite the reverse, in fact.

This should not be taken to mean that dieting is a waste of time and effort. Dieting, in many cases, is the only sure method of achieving a reduction in weight, even if it takes time. But the good work can be helped along with other slimming methods, and there are even some get-slim-quick tricks which will keep you resolutely to your diet sheet.

Besides dieting, there are three main approaches to the slimming problem. There is exercise, "passive reduction" and massage, and—a good foundation garment! The first has some of the same objections as apply to dieting. The last works miracles at once, though, of course, it is only an illusion of improvement. But it is the look of the thing which matters to most of us. Certainly, one or other of these slimming methods will underwrite the good work done by a diet, besides producing appreciable results of their own.

EVERY figure problem needs a different approach, and to get the best and quickest results you have to be clever in choosing the right treatment or combination of treatments. Dieting combined with general reducing, such as Turkish baths, is the best way of dealing with the figure which is rather too plump all over everywhere. Exercises are the answer when the figure is bad because of poor muscular tone. Tummies, for instance, very often become bow-fronted when the abdominal muscles are not doing their work, and they can often be strengthened by the right kind of exercise, particularly in young people.

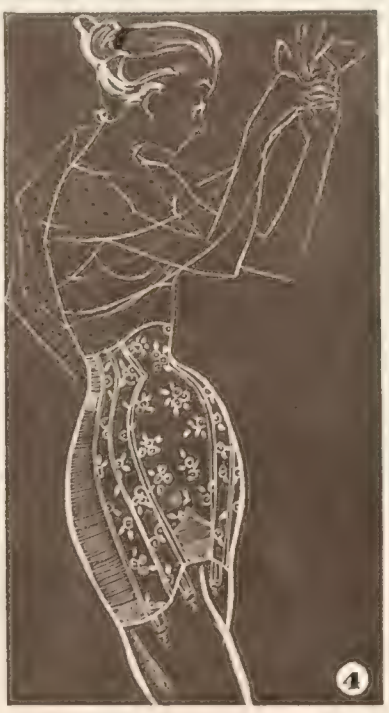
Massage, vibro and electrical treatments, wax baths and all the other treatments which are grouped under the term "passive reduction," are effective for spot reducing because they can be directed to the one part of the body which needs slimming without involving the rest. Finally, a good foundation will do wonders in the way of correcting the contours, without, of course, actually reducing weight. The illustrations below show the principles involved in this kind of figure correction.

THE overlarge bust presents special problems of its own, because here the fatty deposits are of a different structure from elsewhere. The bust contours depend not so much on muscular tone as on the condition of the surface tissues, and improvements can be obtained by stimulating the surface tissues with hot and cold bathing. But, quite honestly, the bust is the most difficult part of the body to slim and best hopes lie in a scientifically-cut bra which will mould the bust to a good form.

Elsewhere, localised fat can be tackled with localised treatment with considerable hope of success. The most luxurious way of doing this is to have some form of professional treatment. A Turkish bath, for instance, followed by massage, not only takes ounces off all over, but it stimulates the circulation too. The loss of weight is due to loss of moisture which the body will make good in due course, but the immediate effects are real enough. A wax bath acts in much the same way but is less rigorous and a wonderful nerve-soother. Electrical body treatment and foam baths are all effective in their different ways.

A variety of home equipment makes it possible to enjoy the benefits of a professional treatment at home—at least in some measure. As a substitute for the manipulation of the professional masseuse, there is an electric vibratory massager which will whittle down bulges on arms, legs, thighs and "spare tyres." A neat exercising gadget which costs little more than £1 will get to work on tummy, waist and hips, a small edition of the Giant Roller which rolls away inches at a beauty salon.

A reputable slimming cream used in conjunction with massage will hasten the process. One slimming cream is based on the fact that weight reduction is brought about by oxidation. This cream liberates oxygen when it is absorbed and helps the fatty deposits to dissolve.



Small-scale luxury best describes these easy chairs, which sacrifice none of the soft resilience or the inviting curves which are associated with larger and heavier proportions. Minty.

An ingenious turn-about chair which, by a simple mechanical device, converts in an easy movement to a dining chair with straight back and higher seat. Sprung, upholstered seat and back. £7 12s. 5d., Birchcraft.

SMALL flats and small houses make the problems of furnishing comfortably on a small scale nearly everyone's concern. Fortunately, much very good furniture especially designed for use where space is limited is now coming along.

There are, among other things, three-piece suites which maintain good proportions and an attractive appearance with the comfort we have grown to expect of upholstered furniture. "Occasional" armchairs on the same lines, scaled down so that they fit in well with the furnishings of the small room, can also be found and in varying designs.

The little dining-room offers considerable scope for ingenuity in space-saving furniture. Dual-purpose pieces, such as the sideboard which incorporates a dining-table which can be quickly and easily folded away when not in use, are typical of the newer ideas. Another ingenious piece combines table, leather upholstered seat and provides four drawers and four shelves, as well as cupboard-space. Seats and table fold away within the cupboard unit when not required.

An alternative suggestion is the small, light table, designed to provide comfortable meal-time accommodation, while taking up a minimum of floor-space. It is good for a small dining-room, or for a dining alcove. The secret of such pieces lies in their skilful proportions.

In both bedroom and dining-room particularly, design shows a tendency to turn right away from established tradition, and is showing more pieces where not only size and design alone, but the actual media employed, suggest the lightness which is so essential in a limited space.

THE small room does, of course, also need some thought in choice of colour and furnishing treatments. Generally speaking, walls and floor should both be "broken up" as little as possible. By avoiding picture-rails and dados, and the use of boldly-patterned wall-papers and dark paint, the illusion of space is increased. Light and uniform surfaces are best in small rooms, and where a room has a low ceiling as well, the small wall covering carried up to, and even over, the ceiling, will

SPACE IS WHERE YOU MAKE IT

A bureau dressing-table with a fall-front, pull-out shelf and matching stool ; an oak bookcase ; and a divan, equips a small bedroom for a young person with a sense of comfort without overcrowding.

The smaller the kitchen the more essential it is that fittings should be streamlined. The "Warwick" steel sink unit, with vitreous enamel top, is 42 ins. wide and 18 ins. deep. An investment for the small kitchen at £22 5s.

give a restful, unbroken effect which does much to suggest spaciousness. French grey, ivory, pale cream and a very delicate pink are good choices of colour.

Floor treatment is important. Choose, if possible, a fitted carpet for the small room rather than rug or carpet with a margin. A boldly-patterned floor-covering will catch the eye and have the effect of making a room seem smaller. If a surround of floorboards is unavoidable, keep the stain as light and as flat as possible. A very dark stain, or one with a high gloss, narrows the room.

Pictures should be kept to a minimum. Small ones, a rather formal "collective" treatment at each side of the fireplace or between windows gives a better effect than pictures scattered over the four walls.

SIMPLICITY should be the keynote for drapes and curtains. Full-length curtains are best where windows are small, and a material with a dull surface is preferable to a bright, shiny one. Pelmets can be in matching material, painted wooden ones, or upholstered—but, for best results, keep to the tailored type, and have them fairly narrow. Avoid the use of frilly drapes.

Both loose covers and upholstery are best in neutral shades, or in unobtrusive patterns. Bold, scrawly designs and emphatic colours tend to congest the scene. As far as possible, furniture should have similar coverings.

In many cases, fitted furniture, which makes use of wall-space, is an excellent solution for the room in which space is at a premium. A dressing-table can often be built-in to a corner where space would otherwise be wasted. A narrow table and hinged wall-seats are a practical idea for family meals in the kitchen ; a mirror, with wall shelves and curtained space below is a good substitute for a dressing-table in a little bedroom.

Modern sitting-rooms often have awkward alcoves in which it is difficult to fit in existing furniture, but where space can ill be spared. Recesses at each side of a fireplace, for instance, can be employed for built-in bookshelves, cupboards, magazine rack, desk, and so on. Fitments of this kind have a uniformity which makes them particularly suitable for the smaller room.

MARGARET STEVENSON.

A three-piece in miniature, low slung but raised from the ground, giving attractive proportions to small-scale measurements. Minty "Burford" suite.

A generous skirt in Everglaze chintz quilted at the hem (Harvey Nichols, £9 9s.) teams with a black poplin wing-cuffed shirt (Jays, £4 10s.). David Aylmer, appearing in "The Deep Blue Sea," wears a navy Daks blazer (Simpson's, Piccadilly). Hillman car from Rootes.

Summer Day

Take any summer day, on holiday, on any week-end when you take the car and run out to the river or the sea. An occasion for summery, crisp but casual clothes; for sun-bathers, for slacks, or perhaps for the dress that is neither formal nor too informal to take you to a restaurant for lunch or dinner. For just this sort of day or for any average holiday these clothes are practical and have their summer-long uses.

Black Watch plaid for well-cut slacks, navy, black and green (Gor-Ray, £4 5s. 6d.), and a black poplin shirt (Estrava, £2 2s.) are united with a black canvas belt, gilt-buckled (Jaeger, 7s. 6d.). David Aylmer's wool sweater and suède sandals from Simpson's, Piccadilly.

Slim sun-bathing shorts in fine black hopsack with deep patch pockets topped with a gold-and-white stripe strapless sweater. The sweater top is elasticated for support. (Shorts, £2 9s. 6d., sweater, £2 7s. 6d., from Jaeger.)

Gold and white stripes on black cotton print for Susan Small's swim-suit, which has a matching beach coat lined with fine white terry. Shady-brimmed raffia sun-hat and sandals make a team. (£1 4s. and £1 19s., Eton Bag Company.)

Left : For more formal outings a sheer dupion organdie in navy with white braid trimming. Taffeta-lined. (Brenner, approximately £18 18s.) and Madge Chard's white straw, with a rose under the brim. For the drive home, and all chilly summer evenings, a featherweight coat in white fur fabric. (Hershelle, approximately £10 10s.)

Margaret Sharp

SHOPPING FOR YOU

A SCARF RING which is also a perfume-dispenser is a novelty from Paris House. The ring is gilt, with an emerald stud, and does everything that a scarf-ring can do to keep a chic cravat in place. The screw-top of the perfume phial is concealed by the emerald, the perfume itself being stowed away in the hollow ring, £1 10s. Miniature fruit and foliage, naturalistically coloured, clustered on a white china-bead background, makes this jewellery the perfect accompaniment to summer dresses and beach wear. These are two of several variations from Selfridges, all most reasonably priced. This necklace is 10s. 9d., ear-rings 8s. 9d., and there is a matching bracelet.

HOME DRESSMAKERS will be glad to know that these Pal pinking shears are now available for a very reasonable 19s. 6d. They will cut all materials except the heaviest, and for many fabrics, pinking is sufficient neatening in itself. The makers have a sharpening service at 3s. 6d. Well designed in the modern idiom, in a metal which has many of the properties of gold, this de Farre jewellery represents something new in costume effects. Good design, combined with the soft brilliance of the metal, makes the jewellery look like the real thing at a fraction of the cost. There are several dozen designs in bracelets, necklaces and ear-clips, these being 5 gns. the necklace, 30s. the clips.

THIS CUSHION, which when deflated becomes a serviceable carrier-bag, is just the thing for train journeys, picnics and holiday use. As a waterproof bag it will carry your bathing paraphernalia down to the beach and, once there, it can be blown up to make a comfortable air cushion. In green or blue, from Selfridges, price 5s. Two more items simplify travelling. Morny's luxury soap in their new Visitor's Disc size, price 3s. 6d. a box of six, save valuable packing space, while quilted plastic slippers which weigh practically nothing and pack quite flat are a wonderful buy at 4s. 6d. They are also available in flowered and quilted cotton. From Selfridges.

If you would like further details of any items mentioned here, please write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to Margaret Sharp, "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2

WITH A REFRIGERATOR, you can make ice lollies at home with these Coolie moulds. Anything freezable and tasty can be used, fruit squash, fruit juice, custard, etc., and there is no difficulty in turning out the lolly when it is frozen. A complete set, consisting of six aluminium moulds, wooden sticks and recipes costs 6s. 6d. from Harrods. This storage unit, consisting of four 2-lb. glass containers, is designed to fit underneath a shelf, thereby utilizing space which would otherwise be wasted. Made by Tala, the unit costs 14s. 9d. for the 2-lb. size, 11s. 9d. the 1-lb. size.

A WELCOME PRESENT for the car owner who is also a smoker would be this limpet cigarette lighter. It fits on to the windscreen by a suction cap and can be operated with one hand. The flint striker has a long life and petrol refills last several weeks. In silver-plate finish, 30s., from Army & Navy Stores. The Bex plastic washing-up bowl will neither chip nor scratch and is quite unbreakable. Its resilient surface makes it specially safe for washing precious china or glass. Price 23s. 6d. The Crockholder plate rack, although small, will hold twenty plates, price 5s. 11d. These two items are both from Druces.

THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT in the campaign against moth is Pomp permanent anti-moth fluid. Correctly applied, it will give clothes and furnishings complete protection for one season at least. It is odourless and will not stain, if the fluid is allowed to evaporate before wrapping things up for store. 8 oz. bottle 3s. 9d., one gallon can 39s. This longhandled washer makes cleaning floors and walls less of a back-breaking task. The water is squeezed out of the sponge by a lever on the handle, thus obviating the necessity for kneeling and bending. £1 15s., from Estelle Kelway.

Holiday From School

By

MAX GORDON

SOME psychologists say that the naughty child does not exist. It is, they claim, an invention of incompetent parents. Like all generalizations, this one is only partly true and certainly parents who are harassed by children who seem to reach a peak of naughtiness during the long holidays from school will find it hard to agree.

The fact is that we often use the term "naughty" to describe a child who merely cannot amuse himself. Mischief for idle hands to do is plentiful during long school holidays, but can children be taught to amuse themselves? I think they can; but it is not just a question of giving them toys or pastimes and leaving them to sort it out. Play must be linked with their own world. It must appeal to their imagination.

Young children live in a world of their own vastly different from that of grown ups. With their intellectual abilities as yet undeveloped they inhabit a world of sharply defined pleasure and pain, of loves and hates and of fancy which to them is perfectly real.

A child of three will draw no definite line between animals, human beings and inanimate things. Everything that appeals to him is alive. Humpty Dumpty, giants, fairies, are real to him.

The small boy, then, who is restless and a general nuisance to his parents may have bricks and trains, paint, paper and brush, but they mean little to him unless he has been shown how to introduce them into his own world of play.

ALL the toys in the world will fail to make a young child happy if his emotions are not stirred, if his interest is not awakened.

I know a little girl whose parents gave her a beautiful walking doll as a Christmas present. For weeks, the girl showed no interest in it while the parents showed off in the girl's presence boasting of the wonderful material of which the doll was made. But later, when a young aunt on seeing the doll exclaimed, "But, Mary, I did not know that a baby sister had arrived for you," the picture changed. For Mary the doll came to life. She started hugging and nursing it. She begged for a doll's pram to take "baby" out. It was not a question of pretending. The doll *was* the sister. It had entered Mary's world of reality.

Some time ago, I had a sandpit built for my two boys, then within the two to five range. They never touched it. The wonderful silver-sand became a playground for the cats of the neighbourhood, but not for my sons.

One fine spring morning, I took them out into the garden. Settling down in the sandpit, I casually said to them: "I am going to build a railway station."

"Oh yes," a chorus of two replied. "Let's build a big one!" So we started. The railway station was followed by a castle, a street, even a mountain like the one they had seen in a picture book. The sandpit was a success. They played alone after that.

SOME child psychologists will tell you that you should give children the space, the freedom and the materials for free play and leave them to it. It is not as simple as that. It does not always work. Some children need the initial stimulus. Sometimes the gate leading to their world is locked. A simple key will open it. Give their play a purpose.

A disappointed friend of ours was puzzled because she had bought brush, paints and paper for her twin boys, aged four. She put the material and the boys in the nursery expecting if not elegant works of art, a few hours of quiet. Nothing happened. The boys spent less than five minutes on this pastime, only to run out and kick a ball around.

"Did you buy an easel?" I inquired. Had she bought some really large sheets of paper, or made sure that the brushes were big enough for the children to handle easily. No.

Explaining to her that a child sees vertically and that, for that reason, large sheets of paper ought to be placed on easels, I suggested she should try again. She did, and it worked. In fact, a hint that she would like to see them paint pictures of each other, resulted in some huge, very unlifelike portraits for which the twins posed in turn. Little did it matter to them that the nose of one of them was entirely missing, that the portrait of the other showed ears more congenial to a donkey than to a boy. The spell had been broken. The pastime had a purpose.

When they were later invited to spend a week-end at a farm, the twins insisted on taking their easels with them. One of the resulting works of art was a picture of the farmyard, depicting various animals.

"What animals have you painted?" Mother asked.

"Here is a pig, a cow, a horse. . . ."

Yet with the best of imagination, the shape of a horse could not be discovered in the picture.

"Where is the horse?" the farmer asked.

One of the boys looked at the painting.

"It is not there," he said. "It was here a minute ago. Perhaps, it has gone back into the stable." From the sincerity of his expression it was quite clear that he believed every word he said.

So the answer to holidays is keep them occupied, but see that their imaginations are engaged as well as their fingers.

Too Precious For Waste

By PAMELA FRY

THERE is a special magic in the two words: "Summer holiday." Just murmur them over to yourself—and you conjure up the most lovely visions of ease and gaiety and sunshine.

And if you're lucky, the reality does measure up to the dream. The weather and the food compete for perfection, the proportions of fun and relaxation are perfectly balanced. You return to the daily grind with a new complexion and a new perspective, basking in the afterglow of happy memories.

But in the life of every holiday-goer there also occurs the unhappy occasion when just the opposite is true. The trip to the Continent proves exhausting physically and disastrous financially. The view from your English hotel does not compensate for the monotony of the menu. You come to the disgruntled conclusion that you have been to the wrong place at the wrong time with the wrong people.

Even so, it's hard to admit that a holiday *wasn't* a success. There's some sort of moral obligation involved. Everyone has a good time on a holiday, just as everyone has a bad time at the dentist. Moreover, this one small slice of private time that we salvage out of every year is too precious to be wasted.

Granting this, however, and allowing for such uncontrollable factors as the weather, and the amount of time and money you can afford to spend, *is* there any way of ensuring that a holiday is as good as you hoped it would be? No magic formula, of course, but perhaps a few practical do's and don'ts? Well, I've talked the matter over with a doctor and a psychiatrist, as well as comparing notes with a number of friends. And from all these discussions the following main point emerged: Before you even start leafing through travel folders you should decide what it is you most need: a change or a rest.

THAT may sound so obvious as to be almost superfluous to mention. But I don't know. Even the most intelligent people can be surprisingly dim when it comes to choosing a holiday which will really do them good. People whose daily lives are so hectic that they talk about a good night's sleep as though it were the Holy Grail, will rush off on a holiday as though it were a marathon. They come back with bags under their eyes, and tell you with exhausted enthusiasm: "My dear, it was marvellous! Didn't have a minute to myself! But it was so hectic, I *really* need a rest!"

On the other hand, if your usual life plods along in a rather monotonous rut, with its main excitements centering around balancing the office ledger five minutes early, or saving fourpence on a pound of tomatoes, then for you is the holiday with ingredients as varied as an exotic cocktail. If you're a country mouse, you'll hunger for the lights of the big city. Or the opportunity to explore anything from Roman catacombs to English castles.

Of course, this exciting business of sight-seeing can be carried to extremes. Like the lady from overseas who was "doing" England and the Continent on a split-second schedule. She had allotted two days to London, half an hour to Cambridge and, presumably, five minutes per cathedral! Or some young friends of mine in Canada who decided to spend their three weeks holiday in Mexico. They drove there from Montreal, and they were going so fast when they hit the Mexican border that they shot right across it, without even noticing. A squad of armed motor-cycle police, with sirens screaming, rapidly brought this oversight to their attention.

HOWEVER, no matter whether it's peace or excitement we're after, there's a great deal of truth in that threadbare cliché about "getting away from it all." The ideal holiday is one in which we get away from everything: the dripping tap in the bathroom, the sound of the telephone, and perhaps most of all, the newspaper headlines! Perhaps that's one reason why so many (*Continued on page* 64)

REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES

Some remarks on cooking in smaller quantities and producing dishes which are not all they seem

By
JANET DARBY

THE first part of my discourse to-day will be addressed to more seasoned cooks, if I may be permitted the phrase. At the end of the summer particularly, families tend to reduce themselves. Holidays, National Service, return to school, all take their toll. So when suddenly, after catering for a larger number of people, not to mention large young appetites, it is necessary to adjust oneself to two, or even to one "person in family," do remember that too *small* a saucepan can be wasteful in fuel and inconvenient in use. A pan which is over-filled will boil over very quickly—far, far sooner than you expect—and even if it doesn't contain something precious like soup or stew, but merely hot water for the vegetables, it will put out a light and leave the gas still flowing. Gas is not good for you. Far better to use a larger pan and only half-fill it.

Your week-end joint will have diminished in size, of course, but this doesn't mean that cooking time should be reduced accordingly. The same rules of cooking time per pound still apply. Just to remind you:

Beef or mutton need fifteen minutes to the pound, and fifteen minutes over.

Veal, pork or any meat with stuffing need twenty-five minutes to the pound and twenty-five minutes over.

Lamb needs twenty minutes to the pound and twenty minutes over.

Freshly killed meat which has not been hung will need just a little longer than frozen meat. Remember also that if you cook meat too fast, it will shrink.

Now for a luncheon or dinner menu to cater for that reduced family; nothing very pretentious, of course. Shall we start with a dish of whitebait, follow with escalope hongroise and end with banana fool?

Before you go scurrying off to the shops to track down whitebait, squander the ration on a choice veal cut and wrangle with the greengrocer about the banana supplies, glance at the following recipes. If a cook is clever enough at juggling with methods and flavourings, she can leave the word "mock" out of her vocabulary and the menus will be all the more varied for it.

Whitebait. One Dover sole (or the sole-like fish known as witch). Fillet it, cut into narrow strips with a sharp pair of scissors. Toss the strips in well-seasoned flour, and fry for one minute only in hot fat. Serve with cut lemon and thin slices of brown bread and butter.

Escalope Hongroise. Take the back legs of a large English rabbit, and slice off from the centre bone, making the escalopes about a quarter of an inch thick. Tenderize by thumping each escalope hard with the rough side of a grater spoon. Place in a marinade of wine vinegar, olive oil and bayleaf, having first rubbed each escalope lightly with a cut clove of garlic. A tablespoonful each of wine vinegar and olive oil will be enough. Leave for at least one hour. Then dip each escalope in beaten egg, toss in breadcrumbs, patting the crumbs on firmly, and cook gently in hot fat until golden brown. Keep hot while you make the following sauce: Melt a tablespoonful of beef dripping, add a rounded dessert-spoonful of flour or cornflour and stir till it bubbles. Remove from the heat, gently add quarter-pint of stock or vegetable water, a teaspoonful of grated onion, half a teaspoonful of paprika. Mix till smooth and return to the heat, stirring till it thickens. Then add salt and pepper to your taste, a tablespoonful of cream (preferably sour cream) or top of the milk. Lower the escalopes gently into the sauce and heat through, but do not cook too long, or the crisp outsides of the escalopes will soften. Serve with sauté or plain boiled potatoes and French beans or spinach.

Banana Fool. Peel and cut one pound of parsnips into cubes about one inch square and boil in slightly salted water for at least three-quarters of an hour, adding a little squeeze of lemon. Drain and rub parsnips through a sieve. Allow to cool. Then take one ounce of margarine, one and a half ounces of sugar, and cream together. Beat the parsnips into the sugar and fat mixture and add about a teaspoonful of emulsified banana essence. Mix well and add a little more lemon-juice if you like. Mix the parsnip mixture with an equal quantity of cold custard and whip till smooth before piling into glass dishes. Top each dish with a whirl of cream or ice-cream. Serve with sponge fingers or wafers.

What? No veal for the escalopes! No whitebait! No bananas! Well, it just shows what can be done with a little ingenuity, doesn't it!

In cold weather you may prefer soup to start your meal. Here is the nicest onion soup I know. Peel two Spanish onions and cut them into slices. Put about an ounce of beef dripping into the pan and cook the sliced onions in it for about an hour, shaking the pan occasionally. The onions will have become brown and soft. Add a pint and a half of stock or water, a slice or two of stale bread, the rind from three or four slices of bacon and cook for three-quarters of an hour. Then rub the soup through a sieve, add salt and pepper—a grating of cheese if you like—and reheat before serving. Hand-grated cheese with this. This is a French peasant soup, and tastes much, much better than its simple ingredients would suggest.

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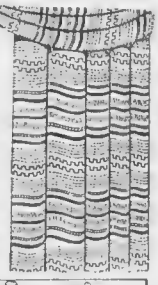

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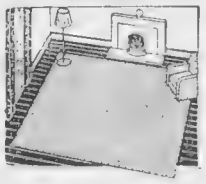

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Leave It To Sir John (*Continued from page 28*)

not just for a while, but for ever, and then she would give her consent to our marriage. He said it would be happier for us all that way."

"I like the sound of your Rodney," said Sir John thoughtfully. Then he was silent, and Sarah, stealing a glance at his face, wondered whether he was thinking of his own youth and of the young wife who had left him alone so soon. Warm sympathy flooded her heart.

He's like us, Rodney and me, she thought. Once he loves, he loves for ever.

IT was as well perhaps that she did not know that Sir John was merely wondering whether the post had come and brought his *Times*. In this remote country spot, there was no newspaper delivery and the post was never in much before midday.

At that moment Perkins came in and said that Sir John's breakfast was all ready and should he show Miss Sarah her room?

"And *The Times* has come, sir," he added.

Murmuring his excuses, Sir John was gone. Perkins, showing Sarah upstairs, explained.

"There's gentlemen as likes to have a paper to read with their meal, Miss, but Sir John now, he takes a meal to have with his paper, he's that set on it. Won't eat his breakfast until it comes, Miss. Mostly around midday."

"Whatever time does he have his lunch then?" asked Sarah.

"No lunch, miss. A cup of tea and a bite of bread and butter at half past four and his dinner at eight-thirty. Then I lay a cold supper for him to eat at midnight."

"Whenever does he go to bed?" said Sarah, more and more shocked, for she came from a household where such odd hours would never be tolerated.

"I couldn't say, Miss," said Perkins. "Ferdy and I go to bed about half-past ten, we do."

"Ferdy?" said Sarah, wondering if the man were married and had a son.

But Ferdy himself enlightened her. He popped his head out of his master's pocket, his pink eyes blinked at Sarah, his whiskers twitched, his cream body wriggled towards her.

"Oh! what a lovely ferret!" cried Sarah. "Isn't he tame?"

In that one word of praise, Sarah won the heart of Perkins for ever. She had not asked, as most women did, whether Ferdy bit and drawn away from him.

"He sits up and begs, Miss," said his master fondly. "Quite tame he is, unless it's someone who is rude to him or nasty to me, Miss. Then you should hear him cackle. My word, you can hear it a mile away. But he likes you, Miss, he does."

What a good thing he likes me, thought Sarah as she went into her room. It is comforting to be liked, even by a ferret.

SHE sat down in a deep chair realizing that she was tired, not from her journey, but from the emotional strain of the last few weeks, when she had to face her mother's continual fire of advice and reproaches and, above all, tired from the strain of parting from Rodney. It had been so brief that farewell, but so poignant and so tender—something to treasure in these long days spent without him.

There was a knock at her door. Perkins came in carrying a bowl of roses. He was careful not to look at Sarah as he placed the bowl on her table.

"From Sir John, Miss. And your lunch is ready when you are," he said, "and if you care to step into the kitchen any time, Miss, Ferdy will be pleased to show you his tricks."

How kind they are, thought Sarah, as he closed the door gently. The roses and Ferdy—so kind they are.

Sitting up, she looked round the room with more interest. At first it was impressive, with its great windows looking out over the lake, its heavy brocaded curtains, the huge four-poster bed with its damask counterpane, the fine sheets, the Persian carpet. But Sarah had been well trained by her mother in housewifely ways: she noticed that the linings to the curtains were frayed, the bed linen torn, the mirror tarnished, and that someone had burnt a hole in the carpet. The silk of the cushion against which her head rested had split with age.

It needs a woman, she thought. It badly needs a woman, this house.

DOWNSTAIRS in the library Sir John was eating his breakfast as he read his *Times*. The spaniels sat at his side, waiting for the bacon rinds. In the kitchen Perkins ate a meal of ham and pickles, with a glass of ale, and read a detective story. Ferdy sat on the table, waiting for titbits. Presently Perkins, having found out whodunit, shut the book and spoke fondly to Ferdy as he fed him.

"A sweet, pretty young lady, Ferdy," he said, "and it's a shame to have parted her from her young man, but we shall have to watch, Ferdy. You see, Ferdy, women always interfere. Nosey, they are. Can't let things be."

Sarah would have been surprised if she had known what Perkins was thinking. For, as she changed her frock, she, too, was deep in ought.

Men are awful, she thought. They get into terrible habits when they are alone. I suppose even Rodney would. I must try and help them, they need me.

Wanting so much to be needed, being so eager to love and be loved, Sarah set to work. She had an active mind and a lively young body which recovered from its exhaustion in a couple of days. She knew that the busier she was, the less time she would have to be unhappy.

She began to be busy; she watched the two village women who came up and "cleaned" each day. She found that while the house was swept and polished and the kitchen floor washed, "feminine touches" were completely absent. Ashtrays were not emptied until overfull and then Sir John or Perkins emptied them as like as not out of the window on to the flower beds. Sarah saw to it they were emptied daily and washed as well. Clocks were allowed to stop and then wound—Sarah started a regular day for clock winding and regulating. Curtains were not drawn at night—as Perkins remarked, there was no one to look in—but Sarah went round and drew them as soon as dusk fell. She labelled the jams and pickles. She kept a housekeeping list. She firmly but persistently put the spaniels out at mealtimes and they sat in the hall against the door so that Perkins nearly fell over them every time he came in or went out. She suggested that when Perkins waited at dinner, Ferdy should remain in the kitchen, but though she did not see Ferdy at dinner time any more, there was still a suspicious bulge in Perkins's pocket.

BUT her greatest work was the revolutionizing of mealtimes. That had been difficult, but with determination, she had accomplished it.

Two months after she came, Sarah sat at breakfast in the morning-room, the September sun shining through the windows. Meals were no longer served in the library—dinner was served in the Hall, as it used to be, and breakfast in the breakfast-room. It was only 9 a.m. but Sir John was eating his breakfast—without his *Times*. The table was set with fine mended linen, dahlias in a polished silver vase, cruets that had been emptied and washed and refilled after each meal. A clean ashtray lay at Sir John's elbow. The dogs were lying outside the door, waiting. Sarah's face had filled out during those weeks, but there were still dark circles under her eyes. Sir John looked at her now and again very thoughtfully.

After breakfast Sarah got out the car and drove the ten miles into the nearest market town. Sir John, followed very closely by the three spaniels, went out into the kitchen. The kitchen too had been smartened up—there was a new rug in front of the fireplace and there was no fire. Formerly Perkins had always had a fire whatever the weather. Now he sat before an empty hearth. He was eating his breakfast and reading a detective story. Ferdy sat on the table washing his thick cream fur.

"Where has Miss Sarah gone?" asked Sir John, crossing to knock out his pipe and, as usual, bumping his head on one of the hams hanging from the ceiling in the white bag in which Sarah had dressed it.

"To take the car to the garage and to shop, sir," said Perkins.

"Oh, what's the matter with the car?" asked Sir John.

"Miss Sarah said it needed spraying, sir."

"Did it squeak then?" asked his master.

"It should be done regular, she said, whether it squeaks or not, sir. It's offal day, too."

"Offal? What does she want with offal, Perkins."

"To eat, sir. Heart, liver and kidneys, sir."

"Offal is a revolting term. Kidneys, now Perkins. I could eat all the kidneys in Bones's shop."

"Jones, sir, not Bones."

"Ah, is that so?" said Sir John gravely. He knocked his pipe out on the clean, empty hearth and started to pace up and down, but having again banged his head on the ham, he sat down.

"This can't go on, Perkins," he said at last. "The child is too unhappy. She came in July, wasn't it, and now it is September. She should be getting over it, Perkins. I remember when I was a lad I had a romantic affection for the vicar's wife, Perkins, and when I went back to Oxford, I forgot her in a couple of days. But Miss Sarah, I should say, Perkins, sleeps very badly and she frets, Perkins, frets too much."

"Yes, sir," Perkins agreed.

"She is too unhappy and we are too uncomfortable, Perkins. If it made her happy, I would put up with these awful hours for meals, this terrible tidiness, this banning of the dogs. . . ."

"No fire in the kitchen, sir, and emptying the ashtrays and the cruets, sir and. . . ."

"But it doesn't make her happy at all. Hers does not seem to be a mere passing fancy, Perkins. She really loves this young farmer without a farm. Perkins, much as I detest action, I must now act."

"Yes, sir," said Perkins, joyfully.

THERE was a long pause during which Ferdie sniffed round the table.

"Perkins," said Sir John at last. "Has Miss Sarah a photograph of this young man in her room?"

"She has a photo of *a* young man, sir."

"Presumably, Perkins, *the* young man. I think we may presume that, don't you, Perkins?"

"As you say, sir."

"Perkins, I am going to presume still further. Fetch me that photograph."

Sir John looked gravely at the portrait of the young man. He liked what he saw—the sensitive face with a hint of laughter in the eyes, the broad brow, the honest eyes. He noticed the strength of the hands, the alert carriage of the head.

"I am right, Perkins. When I heard the name, I wondered from the first. This is the selfsame Rodney Gray whom I know. He is a nephew of our own Chief Constable. I remember now that the lad insisted upon farming and his father was annoyed about it. Wanted him in his uncle's business."

"That's right, sir," said Perkins.

Sir John looked at him sharply.

"Tell me, Perkins, did you know this young man of Miss Sarah's to be the same Rodney as the Chief Constable's nephew? Did you know it all along?"

"Yes, sir, same as you did, sir," said Perkins.

Sir John nodded. Of course, he thought, how foolish of me—doesn't everyone always know everything in the country? He got up quickly, banged his head on the ham and expressed himself forcibly.

"Remove that confounded ham and hang it where I shall never bump my head on it again," he said testily. "And then get out the car."

"The car has gone to . . ." began the man.

"Of course, to fetch offal. Well, then, get the jeep, man. Use your brains."

"You lent the jeep, sir, to. . . ."

"Fool that I was. Of course the car would be fetching offal when I wanted it and the jeep would be lent. Then saddle Captain, unless he is fetching offal or being lent to someone or other. . . . I will ride."

WHEN Sarah returned with the springs of the car sprayed, with a parcel of liver and kidneys and one heart, ready, she said, for stuffing, Sir John was still out. She ate some liver for her lunch alone, the kidneys being held back by Perkins for Sir John's dinner.

Sarah ate her tea alone. It was odd how quiet the house was without Sir John, though he never even raised his voice. The spaniels had been left behind, much against their will : they lay on the terrace, their noses pointed the way they thought their master would return. Perkins went continually to the windows and looked out. Ferdy cowered in his master's pocket. Sarah wandered about restlessly.

Perkins, uneasy as he always was when Sir John, usually at home, suddenly went out he knew not where, had forgotten to start up the electric lighting plant. Sarah went to the front door, now always standing open, and stared out across the park. In the distance thunder rumbled. Close at hand the spaniels now and again sighed deeply. The rain shot down, in a grey sheet. Then ceased and all was quiet again.

The spaniels heard him first. They were up and out into the courtyard, ears flapping, tails waving, barking with excitement. Sarah, seeing a tall figure on horseback ride towards her, rushed forward. She did not notice that the spaniels had passed by him and gone on.

"Oh, I'm glad you've come. So glad. At last."

She looked up eagerly. Then she drew back with a little cry.

The dogs had known better. They had gone to the second man on horseback just riding up behind the first. Perkins had known better : he had rushed round to the motor house to start the engine, as soon as he had seen the second horseman, with Ferdy chattering with excitement in his pocket, for Ferdy always reflected his master's moods.

Thus it was, just as Sarah looked up at the man on horseback, that the electric light came on. The lamp fixed over the entrance shone full on his face. And seeing that face, Sarah cried out.

It was only a little cry—a mere murmur—a broken sound. It died in her throat, for her heart was bumping so that she could hardly breathe. In a flash the man was off the horse and had his arms around her. He held her close to his heart, her head against his wet tweed jacket. Neither of them spoke. They stood quietly together without a sound, oblivious of the fact that Perkins had led the horse away, that Sir John had switched off the entrance light, that the barking of the excited spaniels had died away.

How long they stood there, neither knew. It seemed like a second, yet it seemed like eternity. Then, Rodney loosed one arm and very gently stroked Sarah's soft fair hair. Then he put his hand under her chin and turned her face up towards his. . . .

A LONG time later, they went into the house, hand in hand.

"Is it true?" whispered Sarah. "I've so often dreamed it was you. . . ."

Rodney did not answer. Under the hall light he could see her face. His grasp on her hand tightened.

"Never again," he said, and his voice was strong with purpose. "Never again will I allow you to be parted from me. Mother or no mother. I didn't know you would suffer so, my darling."

Sarah looked up at him. He looked older; more mature. Could he look so after only two months, or was it two years?

"Don't you want to know why Rodney came here?" asked Sir John, helping himself with satisfaction to the dish of kidneys braised in port wine.

"Yes, please," said Sarah demurely.

"I have engaged him to pick my fruit for me," said Sir John. "Excellent, these kidneys, Perkins. I suppose you two imagine it was simply done to allow you to be together."

"Oh no, sir," said Rodney.

"I suppose that you, Rodney, had no notion that Sarah was staying here with me when you decided to spend a week with your uncle."

"Oh no, sir," said Rodney.

"And Sarah, were you aware that Rodney's uncle lived within five miles of here when you consented to visit me?"

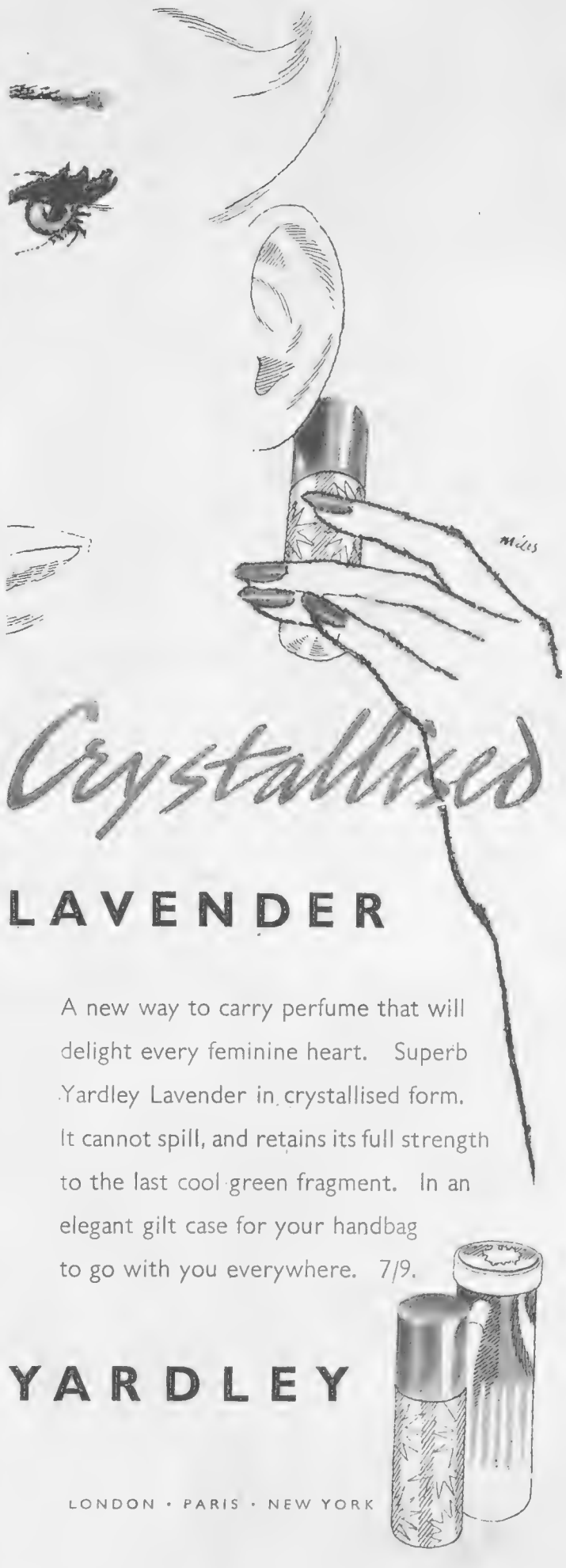
Sarah dimpled. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright, she looked a different creature to the sad little girl of the last two months.

"Oh no, sir," she said.

And at that, it was left. No mention was made of the long, dark weeks of parting, of the courage with which both of the young lovers had kept their word, of their gratitude to Sir John for releasing them from it. Only as Sir John looked from one young face to the other, his eyes were very kind, his smile very gentle.

THAT first night, after coffee, Sir John and Rodney began to talk and they went on talking. Sarah listened for a while, but she got more and more sleepy and when Perkins came in with a tray on which was a cold supper, she said she was off to bed. Rodney came out into the hall and kissed her good night very tenderly. "Now up with you," he said, "I want you to be fresh for the morning."

And he turned and went back into the library. Perkins reappeared with a second tray on which was more cold ham and another bottle of beer. Sarah woke once and heard Rodney's (*Continued on page 56*)



good night to Sir John: she looked at her watch and it was 3 a.m.

On the second night, Sarah decided that she would say something to Rodney about going to bed earlier. Perhaps she was a little jealous; all the day she had had his undivided attention and now he was listening eagerly to Sir John. When Perkins at ten-thirty brought in a tray laid for two, she got up and came across to Rodney.

At that moment Sir John looked across at her. To her astonishment, she saw that he knew what she was going to say and that he was telling her quite plainly not to say it.

The hot colour flooded her cheeks. It was a turning point in her life. At that moment their future hung in the balance—was Rodney to be master in his own house or was she? Sir John's quizzical, kindly eyes watched the struggle. They never left her face until at last her own eyes dropped and the victory was won. Very quietly she said good night to them both and slipped out of the room. That night and every night Sir John and Rodney talked together far into the early hours of the morning. Greatly to their mutual benefit —the easing of Sir John's loneliness and the instruction of Rodney's mind.

BUT all day long Rodney was Sarah's—and hers alone; the weather was kind and day after day the September sun bathed the orchard in golden, mellow light. Day after day Rodney picked apples and pears and Sarah weighed them. Sarah, flushed with happiness and sunshine, watched Rodney in his muscular strength: Rodney, his face tanned, his eyes bright with health, watched Sarah in her beauty. Every now and again, the picking would stop and Rodney would take Sarah in his arms and hold her tight.

"Lucky for Sir John," he said once, after they had paused for what they thought to be five minutes and had in fact been an hour, "that I am being paid by what I pick and not by the hour."

Now that Sarah was so happily occupied, up at the house all the old habits came creeping back.

There was a new burn in the library carpet. Letters were piling up unopened. The curtains were not drawn at night. The labels fell off the jam jars and were not replaced. There was always a bright fire in the kitchen range and Ferdy sat unrebuked upon the kitchen table and even helped himself at times to a dish he fancied. Perkins read detective stories at any odd moment of the day and the spaniels slept wherever they liked and left their hairs upon the rugs. The ashtrays overflowed. Sir John had his breakfast at noon when *The Times* came, and every night Perkins laid out cold suppers.

THEN one day the telephone rang. At the best of times Sir John hated the telephone. He would often remove the receiver and leave it off, should he be rung too frequently. At this particular moment he was about to open his *Times* and he called urgently to Perkins.

"Deal with the brute, will you," he said.

Perkins answered the call. He went a little pale and shuddered a little so that Ferdy slipped out of his pocket and started to cackle angrily.

"Just a minute, please, madam," said Perkins and put down the receiver.

"It's her," he said in a low tone to Sir John.

"Who?" asked Sir John, snatching a quick look at the news.

"Mrs. Carruthers," said Perkins.

"Who the dickens is she?" asked Sir John.

"The young lady's mother, sir," said Perkins. "I think, sir . . . I think she's heard about the young gentleman being here, sir. From her tone of voice, sir."

Sir John put down his paper with a sigh.

"I meant to write to her, Perkins. Why didn't you remind me? You're very forgetful sometimes, you know, Perkins."

"I beg pardon, sir," said Perkins very respectfully.

"That's all right, only don't do it again. I suppose I must pacify her."

He picked up the receiver.

"Hallo, Emily my dear. How nice to hear your voice again. I meant to write to you, but now I have the pleasure of talking to you instead. What's that? Sarah? Oh yes, she's very well. I like your daughter, Emily, very much. Rodney? Oh yes. He's here, too. You were correctly informed. Now, Emily, do you think I would permit anything unsuitable? He's a nice lad. What have you against him? I have talked a great deal to him and he is sensible, honest and with no nonsense in his head. He'll go a long way. No chance for a young farmer? My dear Emily, of course there is. As a matter of fact, Emily, I wondered whether he would accept the tenancy of a farm of mine. Yes, vacant next March. Good land and an excellent house. Oh, you do? I think so, too. Very suitable. I'll tell them so. I knew you would agree. You are so wise, Emily. Oh, I never flatter anyone. Goodbye, Goodbye."

SIR JOHN put down the receiver with a sigh of relief and made for his *Times*. Perkins replaced the receiver quietly on its stand, emptied the ashtray out of the window and prepared to go for Sir John's breakfast. But Sir John, paper in hand, was speaking to him.

"You know, Perkins," he said, "it's dangerous to interfere with the course of young love. A mere infatuation may be cured, Perkins, by a change of scene or occupation, but when it is real affection, you should be very careful how you interfere, Perkins."

"Yes, sir," said Perkins politely.

Sir John smiled.

"You're a good chap, Perkins," he said with a sudden warmth in his voice. "If ever Ferdy falls in love with a young jill, be careful with their young affections, now won't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Perkins, permitting himself a very small smile.

Out in the orchard Rodney was handling the ladder Sarah found so heavy as though it were a featherweight. He set it up against a pear tree.

"Thank me, Sarah," he said, "thank me nicely."

Sarah, a little flushed, thanked him nicely —very nicely.

END

Coy, Uncertain

(*Continued from page* 38)

"Out, all of you," said Adam. "I shall be behind you. Take your suitcases please. And turn to the left."

THEY picked up their suitcases, and went out through the door into Mill Lane. And obediently turned to the left.

George Diamond began to run first, and Fred was not slow to follow his example. They set off at a fine lick down Mill Lane, the others joining into what would have become general flight if Adam had not immediately shot Georgie in the right calf; he fell down and his small suitcase hitting the roadway spilled a great many little flat white packets such as you buy heroin in from small men in dark doorways.

At the sound of the pistol Fred hesitated in his headlong run but not decisively enough for Adam's indignation; he fired the second shot a little hastily and broke the window of Brooks's Bookshop. But the third bullet ended up in Fred's left buttock and he also fell down on his face and squealed like a pig because he was sure he was dead, or nearly.

The others, all except Little Alfie, stopped in their tracks and put down their suitcases. They understood. But Little Alfie kept on going and disappeared round the corner. Adam decided against trying to wing him in case he broke another window. Why, though, had it had to have been Brooks's? She'd think he'd done it on purpose.

He raised his voice in a shout. "Evelyn!"

But Evelyn Brooks was already at the sitting-room window over the bookshop, and being a sharp-witted girl, gathered the gist of the scene's meaning.

"Evelyn!" shouted Adam again and at the sight of her face above began to instruct her: "Ring up——"

But she had vanished, scattering the two young off-duty policemen who a moment before the shooting had been balancing teacups on their knees and making polite if jealous conversation. Evelyn was dialling a number she knew by heart. The desk-sergeant at Hampstead Police Station answered it.

"Uncle Robert?" she said. "That Adam of yours has been shooting some people outside here. You'd better send a wagon for the ones left over."

But her heart was pounding for all her matter-of-factness—which had befitted a police sergeant's niece in a moment of crisis. "That Adam of yours" was also, in a sense, hers.

THE two young policemen were down in the Lane by now, helping Adam to line up his catch with their faces to the wall and drive away the gaping bystanders who as usual had collected in large numbers from nowhere.

She leant out of the window and suggested to Adam that he should stop being silly and come to tea—when he had finished what he had on hand, of course.

But Adam was still very angry with her and pretended not to hear.

He did not go near her again for over a month, not indeed until after his first promotion, and Little Alfie's gallant attempt as the surviving member of the mob, to get even.

Something went wrong with it.

Adam caught Little Alfie's wrist when the shiv was an inch from its mark and threw him at the waiting car in which Little Alfie was supposed to make his getaway afterwards. The driver, who had been doubtful about the project from the first, drove away leaving Little Alfie in the gutter to wait for the ambulance. One of the policemen escorting him to hospital asked him what had happened. Little Alfie was dazed but clear about the mistake he had made. "It's that blasted face of his. It frightens the guts out of you. I shouldn't have looked at it"—and added plaintively—"But I had to know he was the right bloke, didn't I?"

THESE remarks got back to Adam within the hour and puzzled him to the extent that he spent nearly twenty minutes locked in the washroom staring at himself in the mirror. He couldn't make it out. . . .

Then it dawned on him that he had been thinking about Evelyn just at that particular moment, when Little Alfie came at him.

And he had certainly been thinking about her in "Marjorie's" when he suddenly found himself in the middle of a Diamond conference.

Looking at himself he thought about her now, and all those damned chaps that were always hanging round her, of the two who had been there that Thursday afternoon she had asked him to tea because he wanted—and she very well knew—to persuade her to marry him. No wonder he'd walked out in a rage . . . *two* of them!

His expression now reflected in the mirror startled him. Was that *his* face? He backed away from it and out of the station and walked briskly up the hill.

Evelyn opened the door to him.

"Oh you," she said. "And high time, too, Mister Detective-Sergeant."

"Will you marry me?" Adam asked.

"No," said Evelyn. "I mean, why?"

"It would be a good thing."

"Who for?"

"Both of us. For my career."

"Your *career*?"

"With you I can go to the very top."

"I see," she looked at him standing there in the now famous Mill Lane.

"Do you happen to love me?" she inquired.

"Of course."

"I think we would fight like cat and dog. You'd hate me in a week."

"Would I?" he asked hopefully.

"But your career, you'd be no good if you weren't happy at home."

"Never mind," said Adam comfortably.

"I'd never marry a man who put his job first."

"Nonsense," said Adam comfortably.

"You're so damnably jealous."

"Yes," he agreed.

"And a married woman is entitled to her men friends. In *my* view."

"No!" said Adam, and his face became quite frightening.

She looked at him, however, without quailing, and after a moment said: "You'd better come in," and stood aside to let him pass.

He never looked back. Eight years out of Hendon, and the youngest Chief Detective Inspector in the department. "Stone-Face" Adams. . . .

They say his wife leads him a terrible dance.

END

China Blooms Again

(*Continued from page 24*)

fingers plainly through the china, but all the same its delicacy conceals the virtue of unsurpassed strength.

For all that, pottery like other things is not always what it seems, so be warned against falling for the first colourful set of china you are offered. Take time. Look around and choose wisely. Remember that a good quality service should not "craze." There should be no dryness at the edges of articles where the glaze has missed nor any running-over of glaze from the edges of plates.

The perfect article is one where the body of the ware and the glaze are perfectly "married" or, rather more technically, the co-efficient of expansion of both body and glaze should be identical. All articles should be perfect in form. Hold a dinner plate horizontally at eye level and turn it slowly round, and you will quickly discover any distortion in shape; watch large meat dishes particularly in this regard. Also look to see that handles have been fixed neatly and in perfect line. Look for pinholes in the glaze; see that defects have not been covered by a rather heavy pattern. On the subject of patterns, decide whether you would like to have a pattern under the glaze or over it. A lot of earthenware is produced with attractive patterns applied under the glaze, but technical difficulties make it impossible for many of the gayer colours to be reproduced in this way and consequently on-glaze colours predominate in the more colourful series of patterns, and particularly in regard to china where most decorations are applied over the glaze.

Where gold is used the quality of it is most important. There are two types of gold—liquid gold and best gold. The best gold has to be scoured and burnished with an agate and bloodstone, and stands up to the hardest wear possible, whereas liquid gold, used on some of the cheaper types of pottery, will often not stand up to normal usage. When buying a new service ask the assistant quite frankly to answer your questions on these various aspects of quality. You may ask whether or not the pattern is produced by the lithograph method (transfer), or whether the colour has been applied by hand.

GOOD china is not more fragile than the cheaper varieties, for all its delicate looks, but anything breakable needs care. Handle china with a light, firm touch and never with damp or soapy hands. Never over-crowd washing-up bowls, racks or draining-boards. Avoid heating plates in a hot oven as nothing is more likely to craze the surface. Warm plates in a cool oven or warming chamber, not a hot one, or immerse in hot water and dry before using.

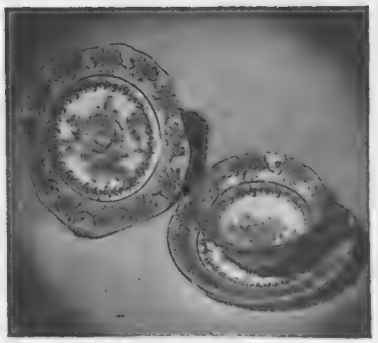
Wash china in plenty of warm—not hot—water and mild soap or detergent. Where the water is hard, a detergent will ensure lustrous dishes without smears. Never use steel wool, soda or abrasives. Borax applied on a soft cloth will remove coffee or tea stains from china. A soft brush is invaluable for fluted china, vases and figures. The use of a rubber mat in the bottom of the sink and a soft plastic washing bowl is a good insurance against chipping.

Store dishes on shelves of a width which permits you conveniently to reach articles at the back. Be sure shelves are firmly anchored to stand the weight of the china. Arrange the plates, saucers and dishes in the correct sizes to avoid breakage, and in separate piles or racks of identical articles. Curved cup hooks are preferable to the square ones which tend to break off handles. If hooks are not used, articles with handles should be arranged with the handles facing outwards.

Good china is costly to-day, but the beautiful table appointments which have been so much missed in recent years promise to become more freely available and every woman will aim to replenish though it means a long-term policy.

END

see for yourself at



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Within The Bounds Of Modesty?

(*Continued from page* 20)

medieval seal of loveliness and which you see to perfection in the portraits of Agnes Sorel, mistress of the French King Louis VI.

When the French Revolution brought a sudden violent change into the fashion, both men and women in France tried to model their clothes upon those of ancient Greece, the women more successfully than the men. For a while smart women wore the simplest of white muslin draperies over flesh-coloured tights intended to look like flesh itself, and these flimsy draperies were usually worn damp to cling better to the figure. So becoming was this invariably white dress that it seems unable to die and continually comes back into the fashion.

The men did not indeed succeed in making themselves look like Roman senators, but their tailors managed to evolve very long, extremely tight-fitting trousers, which, by giving an unbroken line from ankle to chest, gave the wearer a startlingly naked look, being made of white or light-coloured buckskin and often worn with topboots. Manly and becoming as they were, these skin-tight trousers could hardly have been comfortable to wear as they were impossible to sit down in. It was not unusual to be sewn into them and cut out of them. The Battle of Waterloo was fought and won in just such trousers, but, of course, both sides wore them which equalized the disability.

The high-necked blouse of the nineties and 1900s, itself an attempt to copy the masculine collar, was soon made with lace top, so seductive a mode that it is being revived with enormous success to-day. The lace top dwindled into a miserable separate lace inset known as a "Modesty." Never has the Church raised its voice louder than in its condemnation of the danger to health and morality that must result from the wearing of the collarless blouse.

So far the Clergy had denounced female fashions for being too provocative and too feminine, but in 1925 exactly the opposite happened. It was the heyday of the flat-chested, hipless, long-legged, shingled boy-girl, who was condemned from every pulpit in Europe for not being feminine enough! These boy-girls, now mostly comfortable grandmothers, must be amused to recall that twenty-five years ago they were buying brassières specially designed, far from the *uplift* of to-day, to *flatten out* the bosom.

WHATEVER the changes of fashion, there is one garment women of our time regard as indispensable and that is knickers. But this garment is comparatively recent in the history of British dress. Until about 1800 such garments were unknown and would very probably have been considered extremely indecent for a woman to wear, as apeing the opposite sex. It was a mixture of two circumstances that brought into favour what were known as pantaloons. Firstly the transparency of the dress worn by ladies in the early years of the nineteenth century, a dress that the addition of petticoats would have spoiled, though a simple slip was often worn beneath it. Secondly the oriental influence that must have been powerfully stimulated by Byron's poems about the East. Once adopted, pantaloons had come to stay, though they have varied continually in form and coquettishness; at one time, as Dickens relates, pantalettes were worn which only went so far as the knee, there being tied with tapes.

MODESTY and immodesty in dress would appear to be a question of history and geography. Savages who have had no contact with Western civilization have no understanding of such a conception. This applies to savages living in tropical climates and also to primitive peoples living in Arctic climates. In Eastern countries, where the rule is that robes are the prerogative of men and trousers of women, it is the utmost indecency to reverse the costume, and the dress of Western people causes the most extreme embarrassment. Until as recently as 1930 Uzbek women were obliged by rigid religious practice not to venture out of doors without the thick horsehair bag which covered their heads and most of their body. It was known as the "Paranchah." Even to-day many Moslem women would not venture in public at all and then only if closely veiled. Though they may wear garments that reveal the midriff and navel they would not think of daring to show their mouth and nose.

Distinguished historians of dress such as Mr. James Laver believe that modesty in dress is really only a matter of coquetry and that women reveal or conceal specifically to whet male interest. It is a fascinating theory, but there can be no final answer. The fact is that girls fall in love with boys just the same whether they are wearing the dashing tights of the middle ages or the nondescript male clothes of to-day. And boys fall in love with girls no matter how much or how little they wear and there is no reason to believe that more girls got married in the days when the accidental or purposely accidental display of a female ankle was supposed to drive any man into a passion of desire. END

"Pleasure For Señora"

(*Continued from page* 19)

no more in this port. And at eight o'clock he telephoned Porfirio. "Do you feel like another night out? It's my birthday."

He heard Porfirio's throaty chuckle. "Captain, my Captain, I warn you she is dangerous."

Corbett cursed and banged down the receiver. But the little man had accepted. At eleven o'clock they were pushing open the bronze doors of the *Golden Cat*.

Then Porfirio chuckled again. "She will not dance with you to-night. Someone important is expected. See."

AT all the tables near the wall were seated unsmiling men who watched and did not drink.

"Security police, Captain. I have warned you."

Before midnight there was a stir by the door and the silent men stood up. Others followed. Talk buzzed and died.

Porfirio whispered, "I told you. The Leader himself."

He was heavy jowled, deep chested, bemedalled. He raised a hand and the crowd roared. He sat down and the customers shuffled their chairs so that they could see him.

At midnight the house lights went down, limelight flooded the stage, and the girl appeared.

She was nervous, naturally, but her audience greeted her kindly. She inclined her head, smiled, and gave them the mixture as before; opera first, ballads to follow. "Greensleeves" and "Killarney"; and at the end, from close to the footlights and leaning a little forward, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms . . ."—gently, intimately.

THE Leader, in a direct line from her, writhed with delight. Corbett felt slightly sick; and Porfirio muttered, frowning, "The Señora will be very, very displeased."

But also in the direct line, between the Leader and the girl, stood the young waiter on whom she had smiled the previous evening. While she was singing he did not move, did not seem to breathe; nor did his eyes once leave her.

Corbett wondered. The girl, the waiter and El Jefe; a triangle attenuated almost to a straight line. The solution would be interesting.

And himself — not even on the edge of the line; right outside it; befogged, bewildered.

When the applause was raging round the house the waiter came to. He turned, seeming dazed still, and his eye lighted on the Leader—smiling fatly and clapping.

Then the waiter moved—glided; slowly at first, then swiftly—towards the Leader's table. And as he moved he pulled a gun.

Corbett shouted and flung a bottle. Three shots went wild and women screamed. More shots, and the waiter went down with twenty huskies fighting to get at him. He was dead before he dropped, but they mauled him just the same.

There was a second's hush as the crowd realized what had happened, and in that second Corbett looked for the girl.

She was on the stage still, staring with all the colour drained from her face and her make-up ghastly and clownish against it. She vanished—and he was left with a memory as of a bad dream.

The triangle had disintegrated; the straight line broken; and an empty champagne bottle marked the spot.

It was an hour before they were allowed to leave, and at that they were specially favoured.

Corbett said, "I suppose it's because you are the Señora's second cousin. You are, aren't you?"

Porfirio snorted. "It is because you threw a bottle. They saw it. You saved El Jefe's life."

"Oh, that? Instinct, my friend, pure instinct."

"Instinct," the little man said quietly, "is sometimes wise counsel—and sometimes very foolish."

And in this case—which? It was a question unasked and unanswered.

CORBETT would have walked back to the ship. The small hours of the morning in the empty streets would be good for thought. Above everything he wanted time to think.

But Porfirio had a car and would not be denied, so Corbett sat in the car and tried to think.

A girl, a boy and a champagne bottle. If he had not thrown that bottle. . . . But the boy would have died in any case. The bottle had merely disturbed his aim. Saved the Leader's life? Oh, possibly—but what did that matter? The Leader was no longer a component of the triangle. This was a new triangle. The old had disintegrated.

In a narrow street near the docks the headlights of the car picked out a figure in uniform moving erratically close to the wall. It paused, turned, and disappeared into the shadow of a doorway.

Porfirio took his foot off the accelerator. "One of your cadets, Captain?"

Corbett was indignant. "At this time of night? Probably a tram driver going home."

Nevertheless, for one single moment he had actually hoped it might be one of the cadets —one single moment. A trick of the light had dispelled the hope by showing him a glint of golden hair beneath the uniform cap.

Porfirio's foot dived for the brake. "There! In that doorway!"

Corbett had the door open before the car stopped. "All right. I'll see. You stay there."

She was crouching on the steps in the door-

way. He was furiously angry, yet compassionate. He was bewildered, yet certain what he must do. "Little fool!" he reproached her.

She sighed. "So it is you. I was afraid . . . but I hoped. . . ."

"Shut up!" he commanded, and stooped to thrust her overflowing hair into the cap. "I'll say you are drunk. Hold on to me and keep quiet."

SHE had little need to pretend. She might have been drunk, or ill. He more than half carried her to the car, keeping her away from the lights and praying that Porfirio would not switch on the interior lighting.

"You were right, as usual," he lied. "I hope you don't mind—in your car? I can't leave the little idiot here—but I'll skin the hide off him when he's sober."

He bundled the girl into the rear seat and climbed in after her. Porfirio did not even look round.

At the dock gates the policeman stopped them, but Porfirio growled, "Rubino Porfirio, the English captain and one of his men."

"*Ah, bueno!* Pass, señors."

At the foot of the ship's gangway Corbett smuggled the girl out, again screening her from the lights and from the little man's sharp eyes. He spoke his thanks and farewells over his shoulder, excusing his haste, congratulating himself on an affair well handled. And at the last moment, when he was already on the gangway with the girl held in front of him and the car backing and turning, Porfirio called softly to him.

"Oh, Captain, that waiter. . . . He was the girl's brother. I thought you would like to know."

Corbett stared after the retreating car. Had he imagined the little man laughing?

His luck held. Harris, the senior cadet and owner of the uniform, was on duty as night watchman.

Corbett explained to him briefly. He needed help now, and a boy with a taste for adventure and an eye for a pretty girl could give it to him better than any less understanding adult.

"Don't ask why she's running away. She is—and it's a hundred to one they'll come looking for her before we sail. I'm going to put her in the spare bunk in your room."

Harris gasped. "Gosh, sir, so they'll think she's a cadet? It's a chance, sir!"

"It's a better chance than trying to hide her. I'll give her something to keep her asleep for a few hours."

SHE might have been asleep already. She sat limply on the mess-room settee and seemed unaware that they were talking about her. She accepted without protest, but also without obvious assent, the suggestion that she should climb into the bunk they showed her. She let them remove her uniform jacket and her shoes; she drank the sleeping draught obediently.

She slept; and did not wake when Corbett attacked with soap and water the garish greasepaint on her face.

"Now scissors," he demanded.

"Scissors, sir?" Harris hesitated.

"Did you ever see a cadet with hair like that?"

The boy grimaced. "It seems a pity, sir."

"You can have it to stuff a cushion," Cobett snapped brutally.

When he left her he was satisfied she would pass a casual inspection. He could only pray she would have to pass nothing more.

One hour to dawn. Too late for sleep—if sleep were possible. He had a bath, changed into his uniform, and surprised an early steward with a demand for tea.

And all the while he was asking himself, why, why, why? And all the while the answers were suggesting themselves to him and he was rejecting them because she was lovely and she remembered the beauty of a Surrey hill on a damp morning in spring.

Why was she running away? Because she was an assassin—or as good as; at best the decoy. Why had her brother . . .? But was he her brother? Porfirio had a sense of humour, a peculiar sense of humour. Why had she wanted that uniform? Because she knew of the plot and was preparing her own escape route—and to hell with the rest, brother or no brother.

She was an assassin and a coward—and he was helping her because she had a pretty face and knew Leith Hill. He was risking his job, perhaps his life. A fool, a fool; a slave to instinct, the most foolish counsel.

AT dawn the pilot came, and with him an officer and a truckload of soldiers. "They wish to search the ship for stowaways, Captain."

Corbett tried to look surprised. "Unusual, isn't it? Anyone in particular?"

The officer shrugged. "Shall we say enemies of the régime?"

Corbett smiled grimly. "Very well. Remember we have to catch the tide."

They searched. They went down the holds and climbed about the cargo. They poked with sticks and shone torches. They crawled through the engine-room and bilges. They looked into all the occupied cabins and ransacked the empty ones.

In the cadets' room Harris had kept the two junior boys in their bunks so that the girl should not be seen alone. The boys feigned sleep and the girl simulated death. The soldiers gaped, grinned and went away.

The officer thanked Corbett, hoped he had not unduly delayed the ship, and presented him with a signed photograph of the Leader. "El Jefe presents his thanks, Captain. You understand, I think?"

Corbett smiled. He understood perfectly. His gratitude to the Leader was unbounded. Also—but this he (*Continued on page* 60)

The nerve of some people . . . and a good thing, too!

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did not say aloud—he had duly noted that the photograph was not presented until the ship had been searched and certified free from enemies of the régime. One could save the Leader's life and yet remain under suspicion of harbouring his would-be murderers. Those security police understood human nature, all right.

THE ship left the dock and plugged down the hundred miles of the Estuary. In the late afternoon the pilot left and Corbett set a course to the north. The sea was clean and the air free; only the land was foul and the creatures that crawled on it debased.

Harris came to report that the girl was awake and wished to see him. Corbett growled, "Show her to my cabin." He had no anticipation of joy in the interview.

She came. She was still wearing the blue trousers, but had acquired a white sweater in place of the uniform jacket. She was very pale, and lacked make-up to disguise it.

"I . . . wanted to thank you. You ran a terrible risk."

He muttered, "That's all right. I couldn't do anything else. I'm sorry about your hair."

A ghost of a smile flickered. "Harris says it suits me. He is a nice boy—and the others, too."

Charm; was that what she had? She was more dangerous now than in all her golden glamour.

"I am glad the uniform fitted," he said harshly. "If you had said it was for yourself. . . ."

She did not sob—aloud. There were no tears in her eyes. But in her soul—somewhere, deep down inside her—she was wracked with torment. He knew that, and cursed himself for having attacked her.

She whispered, "It was not for me. It was for David—my brother."

Instinct, the foolish counsel; it urged him to go down on his knees to her, to take her in his arms, to—make a fool of himself. He gripped the arms of his chair and waited.

She said, "I wanted to tell you. You have a right to know. You see, he was my younger brother. He was . . . artistic, but not very strong . . . morally, I suppose, is the word. I brought him up—in a way. We went out there together. He was a dancer."

"He moved like a dancer," Corbett remembered.

She nodded. "The Leader said ballet was degenerate, and banned it. So . . . I had to make enough for both of us. We had a rotten time at first—until the *Golden Cat* happened. I got David a job as waiter. He hated it; but he hated living on charity more, he said."

Corbett agreed. The boy had decent feelings, anyhow.

"Most of all," she murmured almost to herself, "he hated El Jefe; only . . . I did not know that—then. I think some of the men, some of the other waiters, encouraged him. I said he was not strong. . . . He joined some kind of society. I don't know. . . . He would not tell me; and I did not take it very seriously until. . . ."

She buried her face in her hands and shuddered; then by a visible effort faced him again and continued.

"You know . . . the way things were going . . . at the *Golden Cat* . . . with El Jefe. You saw him last night. I . . . was frightened; but I did not know what to do. And then, the evening that you came, I found by accident that David was carrying a revolver."

AGAIN she paused, seeming unable to continue, and Corbett murmured, "Don't tell me any more—if you'd rather not. I understand."

She shook her head. "No, you can't understand—yet. About the uniform. . . . You see, it was just an idea that came when I was dancing with you. I had nothing planned—except that somehow he might use it to get away if . . . if anything happened."

"Pleasure for Señora"

"And—when it did happen?"

For the first time she sobbed. "I—ran away. I left him. They knew he was my brother; I thought they would arrest me, so . . . I ran away."

"He was dead," Corbett said gently. "I was near him. He died quickly."

"I did not see him till the lights went up," she whispered, "and then . . . it was all over."

Corbett was giving silent thanks. She had not seen the bottle episode. Also he was ashamed of the relief and gladness that was rising like the tide in his heart.

And instinct gave the same counsel again—but was it now wise, or foolish still?

Abruptly he decided that it was still foolish, but for a new reason: there would be plenty of time—the whole length of a voyage to England.

He rang for the steward and ordered the girl to be installed in one of the spare cabins. "This isn't a passenger ship, but we'll do our best. Sorry we don't stock ladies' clothing—but the second steward is a darned fine hairdresser."

She thanked him with a smile that was a brief memory—or a promise—of that with which she had once thanked a waiter.

After she had gone, but before the vision of her smile had faded from Corbett's mind, the wireless operator came to him with a radio message.

It was from Porfirio. CONGRATULATIONS. THE SEÑORA IS VERY PLEASED. SENDING SIGNED PHOTOGRAPH.

The devil—Porfirio. So he had laughed in the darkness. A devil with little black eyes that missed nothing.

But two signed photographs. . . . One at each end of the mantelpiece? Lord, that would not do. The Golden Girl must never see either of them!

END

Books (*Continued from page* 39)

came; tap-roomers would have a whip round, buy a bottle of whisky from the grocer's, and sit down for the evening to drink it. Concurrently Dr. Johnson was publican and Liberal candidate narrowly escaping with his deposit, surely a disturbing combination? **"Bars And Barricades"** (Christopher Johnson, 16s.) is the very human inside story of hotel and hustings, most agreeably written.

HOW different the lot of Christopher Burney, British officer working with the French Resistance who was caught and jailed for eighteen months by the Gestapo. **"Solitary Confinement"** (Clerke & Cockeran, 9s. 6d.) is not just a record but a psychological testament revealing the spiritual growth that may accompany physical hardship and deprivation. He had to lay the spectres of utter isolation at all costs. He succeeded.

WHAT Mr. Burney would have given for a little of the Spanish light and colour that drench Dane Chandos's **"Journey In The Sun"** (Michael Joseph, 15s.). Mr. Chandos, who has written so well of Mexico, went to Spain to deal with legacies under a rich uncle's will, and the mission took him to enchanting places, to people of innate elegance, courtesy, and pride where the spirit of Don Quixote survives even in a shoeblack. A book for everyone who enjoys fine, gracious, easy writing.

THERE is sun, too, in Alyse Simpson's **"Red Dust Of Africa"** (Cassell, 15s.), but she had come from her native Swiss mountains to farm with an English husband in Kenya, and was repelled by the hot Saltlick plains, the mosquitoes, frogs, spiders, snakes, the native feasts and dances, the loneliness that meant going eighteen months without seeing another white woman. When at last she sets out for a holiday in her beloved homeland with her baby, locusts devour John's crop and she knows she must stay beside him. An admirable story of a wife in the wilds.

JUDY FALLON'S **"Pacific Pantomime"** (Melrose, 12s. 6d.) is a forcefully gay-at-any-price account of travels with Aussie husband in New Caledonia: impressions of native life, stories of whites encountered *en route* such as the Frenchman, Ferron, with his passion for deep-sea reef fishing and exciting escapes from sharks, and the lady who carried her late husband's ashes about with her.

AN "Historical Romance" in this magazine dealt with the Countess of Essex's implication in a notorious poisoning at the Tower in 1613. William McElwee's **"The Murder Of Sir Thomas Overbury"** (Faber, 21s.) recounts the story in documentary detail—and an absorbing one it is.

WALTER SHEPHERD'S **"The Living Landscape Of Britain"** (Faber, 36s.) explains, for ramblers and others, every common type of geological landscape feature and the queer stones and fossils frequently picked up. Profiles, drawings, photographs illustrate this handsome quarto.

ANDRÉ L. SIMON'S **"A Concise Encyclopaedia Of Gastronomy"** (Collins, 42s.) combines (revised) nine books first published by the Wine and Food Society, of which he is President, at 81s. 6d. It is a complete guide to eating and drinking, a treasury of recipes by a discriminating connoisseur.

NOVELISTS dashing into the cold war, toting a typewriter against Soviet Communism, totalitarian tyranny? Why not, in a crusade with such dramatic possibilities? Robert Neumann's **"Insurrection At Poshansk"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) concerns a U.S. mining expert who goes to a gold-town in the Soviet Arctic to make a deal which will safeguard the balance of international finance menaced by the new "strike" there. His reactions to the soulless régime, the nightmare State, make a satire of Swiftian ferocity.

WITH Henry Hazlitt's **"Time Will Run Back"** (Benn, 15s.) we are in the year 2100. Communism has subjugated the earth, Moscow is the capital of Wonworld, its Dictator Stalenin—called Your Supremacy—has recalled his son, a musician, from the Bermudas where he has lived with his mother since the age of eight. Peter is to be "educated" politically and play his part in the monstrous set-up. In the end he becomes protagonist in a Freeworld movement which holds out new hope for enslaved mankind. The theme, partly akin to Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, probes Communisn to the core of its black heart, this time with a philosophic intensity.

LOUISE COLLIS'S second novel, **"A Year Passed"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.), suggests faint reflections of Virginia Woolf and I. Compton Burnett. It treats, in a style in which things are implied more than stated, the reactions of a wife and daughter to a family tragedy—the husband's death by drowning after he has held an interminable "inquest" on their lost marital happiness. At first these characters seem to have a tenuous unreality; their staccato dialogue becomes mannered. But two old aunts are real enough; the situation is original, the writing distinctive.

WHO but Naomi Mitchison could write a myth, a fairy tale, and so bemuse at least one grown-up that he would grudge its excellencies to children? **"Travel Light"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.) is about Halla, a king's daughter, brought up first by bears then by dragons, notably one with a sense of humour who says: "She will be quite warm, and what is more, she will always have a night-light,

because I am proud to say that we dragons always breathe out of our noses while we are asleep." An exquisite humour, in fact, pervades this fantasy with its crystal-clear writing.

THE problems of a young U.S. Catholic woman, divorced from a drunken husband, who loves a non-Catholic but can have no dispensation to marry him while the husband lives, makes a story of social and spiritual conflict in Margaret Culkin Banning's **"Fallen Away"** (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.).

ANN LOCKLY'S problem in Naomi Jacob's **"A Late Lark Singing"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) is her marriage to a repellant labourer, her need to stick by him while fulfilling her life and dreams. A sterling Yorkshire story in a nineteenth-century background.

TILLY'S problems mostly centre on the sons and daughters of the family she serves as a domestic in Richmal Crompton's **"Linden Rise"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). They are complex enough to test her innate loyalties.

JAMES YAFFE'S **"Poor Cousin Evelyn"** (Constable, 12s. 6d.) comprises nine short stories, mostly comedies of U.S. life on the higher social levels : lightly, sophisticatedly written, deft work for an author of twenty-three. By twenty-four, no doubt, he will have learned not to address the reader in asides, as in the title-story of a young bride's conquest of a fearsome uncle-in-law and how she spoilt everything by writing a silly verse about him.

END

The English Rose

(*Continued from page* 34)

perspective it is perhaps difficult to imagine the martial brother of a martial king, Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, devoting so much of his aggressive life to a single rose.

The story says that in 1277 his father, Henry III, sent him to France to suppress a riot. Not for three or four years did he return, and when he did he brought a new red rose, probably another variety of *Rosa Gallica*, said to have been naturalized in France by a crusader from Damascus. It is easier to believe when we know that his brother Edward had already adopted a white rose as his emblem and well imagine the fraternal jealousy which it had inspired. But it says much, I think, for these pugnacious, princely philistines that they chose to boast about roses rather than catapults. Unless it is all a myth. That's the trouble with roses. They cloud history with perfection, they colour the ugly truth with romance.

The Wars of the Roses were one of the most squalid, dishonourable and wasteful civil wars in European history. But the red rose and the white rose, descendants of the two rivals mentioned above, lent them beauty and chivalry, drowned the stench of 100,000 corpses in the fragrance of Elysium. Would our history have been different had the Yorkist rose triumphed over the Lancastrian rose? Very little, I believe. But it was a nice breath of English poetry which inspired for our royal house the Tudor rose. And there hangs another romantic tale.

THE red rose had triumphed at Bosworth Field in 1485, and Henry Tudor, the Lancastrian champion, held the throne of England by the most tenuous legal right. He had merely won the war. He therefore married Elizabeth, Duchess of York, of the white rose clan. Was that a trump card? Not quite, he feared. Something else was needed. Very shortly after the wedding of the white to the red rose, there appeared, as if by a miracle, in a Wiltshire monastery garden, a new rose. Have you guessed? It had both white and red blooms. Did Henry VII say, "Bob's Your Uncle?" We hope not. But he must have felt it. Here was the symbol of his noble compromise, the perfect British symbol, the Tudor rose. The Tudor dynasty lasted 118 years and the Tudor rose remains a "charge" on our royal Coat of Arms. Dare we attribute the steady continuity of our British monarchy to a miraculous rose? I believe we'd dare anything for a good legend.

But while kings have fought over simple, five-petalled red and white roses, and the College of Arms have worked them into escutcheons, the rosarians have been at work in their own field. There are other colours than red and white, and five is a mean number of petals for the Monarch of Flowers.

There are about 200 species of rose in the world. These are what the amateur would call wild roses. Only twenty-four of these have contributed to the roses we grow in our English gardens to-day. By "budding" and "grafting," "cuttings" and "sporting," cross-pollinations and seeding over the "wild centuries" the rosarians have rung so many changes on the rose that between many varieties only the very experienced virtuoso can tell the difference.

In 1597 Gerard the Herbalist of Holborn listed sixteen roses with Latin names. In 1833 the catalogue contained 500. Though there is certainly much ballyhoo about rosarianism, the best of the fanatic breed never cease to look for the perfect rose : perfect in colour, smell, formation, hardiness and durability. Size has always been a minor consideration; some of the prettiest have been petite, like the pom-pom Polyanthus.

(*Continued on page* 62)

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

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. . . easing stomach upsets and restoring calm, natural digestion.

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TO-DAY the nurseryman's rose catalogue is ruthlessly selective. Roses, which a few years back were the rage, may drop out because others, publicised by the great annual shows, have taken their places, with qualities apparently superior. A rose which has a divine fragrance this year may lose it next. Roses can be as fickle and weak as their propagators. Of those bred this century George Dickson, a deep velvety crimson hybrid tea rose, which appeared in 1912 is the patriarch of popular and successful roses. The crimson Etoile de Hollande appeared in 1919, Shot Silk in 1923. Looking through the Rose Analysis (1952) of the National Rose Society, I find that Peace (1947), golden yellow petals edged pink, and Ena Harkness (1946), rich glowing red, share the honours, leaving the others far behind.

At the Chelsea Flower Show this May there was, as ever, the new sensation among roses. It was called Happiness, a red hybrid tea rose, still a débutante, not ready to be presented at the court of the National Rose Society, because it has not yet graduated from the testing ground. What of the future? Grey roses, blue roses, green roses, thornless roses, January roses, immune roses? The rosarians say there's no end to it. We should all be thankful for that. For there's something hopefully symbolic about the search for the perfect rose. It could be the measure of *Pilgrim's Progress*. It could be that over the "beautiful gate of the city" through which Mr. Standfast and Mr. Valiant-for-Truth were summoned at the end of their long journey, there climbs a rose called Truth. But there! The rose has done it again. I am in the realm of allegory and legend, and if I'm not careful the rosarians will be after me. Let them be after me. For I have my come-back. Who, if not they, has foisted on the credulous world the tale of Doctor, the bright, silvery rose that will not be photographed, the rose whose petals quiver in a still room and defy time-exposure? There's something for the myth-mongers there, or I'll eat my old gardening hat.

END

The English Rose

The Thing Of Beauty (*Continued from page* 8)

He knew it. Knew it just as he knew that he, too, was first class. Already his work was appreciated in a small circle of people who knew. Some day a Luigi Farandello would command its price. But by that time Luigi Farandello himself would be fallen back as dust to the earth from which he came, just like his Chinese colleague. And Jaconetta would be an old lady with creaky limbs looking back on her life with the dice of success or failure long, long cast. No, that would be much too late. Jaconetta was first class, and she must have her first-class trainer.

And so, under the hanging plane trees of Soho Square, the old man decided. His conscience, already half-sympathetic, was easily satisfied. After all, did not the collector demand the faker? Setting an artificial price on the works of art of a bygone day, the collector invited the artist of his own to do his work in the knowledge that as the artists of other days had had little share in the rewards of their labour so in the future the reward for his own would flow chiefly into the coffer of the dealer. And art alone, beauty alone, was not worth a great deal, with the result that the museums and galleries were infested with fakes, fakes so beautiful in themselves that the artistic soul could take the same delight in them. A man, and particularly an art collector, well deceived was a man made happy. Jaconetta should dance.

Maestro Farandello returned to his atelier, tip-toed into the little cubby hole where Jaconetta slept, and by the light of a shielded candle he gazed at her and smiled. And then he went to bed, unrepentant and happy, to sleep the sound sleep so often courted in vain by honest men abed.

EARLY the next morning he went to work. The preparations, the ingenuity, the artistry, the effort to be worthy of his long-dead colleague, all gave him a rare delight and filled his days with happy criminality. Until one day he could stand the finished vase on his bench and step back to admire, just as that old yellow-skinned artist must have done so long ago. And like him he could find his work without a flaw.

"There, Trimalcho, a better man than you would be deceived and not be shamed. For once you shall buy a work of art from the starveling at the gate."

And then came the more difficult and less agreeable side of the affair. Maestro Farandello decided to conduct it all himself. If anything went wrong, no one else must suffer. He carefully thought out his story and studied his part. Local colouring was easy to obtain, and he knew the technique of art buyers—oh, very well indeed!

John K. Batesby was conscious of his own importance, and so he made himself very difficult to see—no, not difficult really, merely troublesome. Maestro Luigi summed him up rapidly. A man towards the end of middle age, growing rapidly bald, stoutish, flabby, self-indulgent, but with strength in what was still a powerful frame, bulging with fussy self-importance, oozing with vanity, the eyes hard enough, the character cunning enough, but neither very cultured nor very intelligent.

AT first the man was suspicious, as he was probably suspicious of everyone with whom he came in contact, but Maestro Luigi played his rôle to perfection. The gentle old second-rate, third-rate collector with his one ewe lamb jealously hugged to his breast; the sigh, the little smile of deprecation; the apologetic suggestion that the younger Farandello of thirty years before, a member of a scientific expedition to China, had done a little bribing, a little smuggling, just a very little contravention of the laws in his collector's ardour. And a clever description of the piece, just enough to identify it in Batesby's mind as a good thing, a good thing held by a man aware of its goodness as a work of art perhaps, but probably unaware of its real value in cash.

And then the interview at which Maestro Farandello produced it. Batesby had almost betrayed himself by an exclamation at the sight. He had done his best to remain impassive, but the roof of his mouth had gone dry. So the companion piece had not been destroyed after all!

The odds were too heavily weighted against him in the bargaining that followed. Maestro Farandello knew exactly what he wanted: three hundred and fifty guineas. To have been ready to bargain for more or accept less would have weakened his position. He knew what the other thought of the vase, and he knew more or less what it would have fetched if. . . . Poor Batesby hadn't a chance. All his efforts to cut down the price, all his assumed indignation at its stiffness, all his pretence of disinterestedness, were useless against the old man's gentle insistence.

In the end John K. Batesby sighed, grinned ruefully as though worsted by a hard bargainer, and produced his cheque book. The old man looked over his shoulder.

"Guineas," he said chidingly.

"You Italians are notorious for driving a hard bargain," declared Batesby abandoning his last attempt to reduce the price.

It was by agreement an open cheque and Maestro Luigi cashed it at once. Without delay all the arrangements were made, and an enraptured Jaconetta found herself a pupil of the great Madame Laidonova. Maria looked her puzzlement.

"God provides for his sparrows," said the old man calmly. "That's how it's written, isn't it?"

And Maria questioned no more.

IT was just a month after that, and a fortnight after the exhibition had closed, that Maestro Luigi Farandello found himself once again in the study of John K. Batesby and in the presence of a savagely angry man. Two vases, identical to the eye, as Maestro Luigi noted with calm satisfaction, stood side by side on the vast mahogany desk. In any case, he was not excited. From the moment he had read that curt letter he had known. Jaconetta had her chance, and compared with that nothing mattered—much. Whilst he waited for the storm to break he took pleasure in admiring his work, hardly sure which piece was his and which his Chinese colleague's. The vase on the left, he judged, but that was the creator's eye. No one else could have told at a glance.

"So there you are Mister Maestro Farandello." The voice was harsh and brutal. "So you've actually had the brazen impudence to come."

"But you asked me to, Mr. Batesby," replied the old man mildly, consulting the letter he held in his hand.

The answer seemed to infuriate the other; he breathed audibly but controlled himself.

"You were never in China in your life," he challenged.

"Never," agreed Maestro Luigi. "A great pity, because . . ."

"But by God, what about your cock and bull story then?"

Maestro Luigi raised his hand with such simple authority that the other unwillingly paused. "We will not waste time," he said. "You are right. The vase is what you would call a fake. But it is that only in attribution. I made it; not the Chinese artist who made the other one. It is impossible to tell the difference between them, and then the points of difference are not artistic, and the means of discovering are technical. The vase I sold you is like the original; it is a thing of beauty. . . ."

"Thing of beauty," snorted the other sarcastically, and Maestro Luigi was made to think of a bursting abscess. "You can take your thing of beauty away and bring back my money in double quick time, and think yourself lucky if I don't hand you over to the police into the bargain."

"The public might think I had imposed on more than your generosity," observed Maestro Luigi.

IT was only too true, and Batesby writhed inwardly. He would dearly have loved to charge the old man, but he was anxious to avoid publicity. As yet no one knew of his purchase. By a rare chance he had discovered from a fellow collector at his club that Farandello had never been in China. Thus the man's story could not be true. Very well, if he got his money back and was spared the odium of buying a fake. . . . Incidentally, it was a marvellous imitation; the damned old man must be a near-genius at the game. Of course it had deceived him. He had been deceived before. If only he could be sure that it would deceive the experts as well he would chance the scandal and imprison the old villain. The man was a public menace; he ought to be exposed and put away.

"I have been frank with you," continued Maestro Luigi, "and now I will be franker: I could not return your money if I wanted to. It is already spent. It was not for me. . . ."

"What!" yelled the other, his anger bursting out as he realized he had lost his money as well. "Not for you, you . . ." And there followed a spate of really violent abuse under which the old man sat unmoved. His

impassivity goaded Batesby into a fury and the last vestiges of self-control disappeared. Seizing the fake vase he hurled it violently into the lovely Adams fireplace where it smashed into a thousand and one fragments on the marble hearth. Then he went back to his desk and picked up the receiver of his telephone. "And you'll leave here in custody," he declared.

"You may do what you like Mr. Batesby," said Maestro Luigi, "but if you are wise you will listen to me first." And there was something in the old man's tone that gave even the furious collector pause. "The vase you have just smashed was the original. The one still standing on your desk is my handiwork."

Batesby put down the receiver in horror. His anger was now replaced by fear. Good God! The old scoundrel's voice carried conviction. Batesby knew that he couldn't tell the difference. How had he placed them? He began to sweat with anxiety. The fake was on the left. Was it the left or the right? Yes, it was the left. But was it on the left sitting at the desk or standing in front of it? How had he actually put them down? He had been so sure. And now he wasn't. That old scoundrel was still speaking.

"You can prosecute me, of course," he was saying, "but not without exposing yourself to public ridicule."

Batesby flushed. With an effort he stifled his rage and tried to think straight and quickly. It was true. He couldn't remember any more how he had placed those vases. He ought to have marked them. No use thinking about that now. He dared not have the remaining one examined expertly for fear it was the fake. That would be dreadful. They might never call him Sir John at board meetings after all.

"But if you put my vase into a glass case and keep it there, no one, absolutely no one, will know the difference. After all, the world knows you hold the authentic vase—or thinks you do. You will have to keep it always in the case; that's all."

WITH a terrific effort Batesby controlled himself, and a flutter at his heart warned him that it was high time.

"Get out," he said in an uncertain voice. "Get out now before I do you some harm."

Maestro Farandello rose.

"You are acting wisely," he said calmly. "And in my work you have an equal masterpiece. It is well worth every penny of the money you paid for it. Goodbye, Mr. Batesby."

And he left the room. A supercilious butler saw him out with hardly concealed contempt for his worn tweeds and his picturesque but shabby velour. With appreciation the old artist paused for a moment or two before an authentic Saskia over the marble mantel in the hall. The butler waited behind him impatiently, a little impressed despite himself at the calm assurance of the shabby visitor.

At the open door Maestro Farandello turned.

"To live among so many beautiful things is a great privilege," he observed. "I see no sign that either you or your master knows it."

Then he descended the steps into the square and made his way back to his studio. How hardened I am! he thought. And yet how sad it was to see the most beautiful work of my hands destroyed in a moment by a violent oaf!

END

Royal Highland Home

(*Continued from page 29*)

light-hued woodwork the wallpaper, curtains, carpets and upholstery stood out in a formidable array of assorted tartans—Royal Stewart, hunting Stewart, and even a tartan designed by the royal pair themselves. And to complete the Highland picture, finely designed figures of Highlanders stood holding up the lights.

But that same enthusiasm for the Scottish way of life that led Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to these exuberances won them the entrée to the dourish hearts of the Highlanders.

Both of them showed the deepest interest in the welfare of their humble neighbours. The Queen especially was active (as Greville had noted) in her ministrations to the poor and aged, visiting their cottages to pass the time of day and present warm clothing and other comforts.

John Brown—that faithful and famous personal servant of the Queen who was so near to her for so much of her life—gave the key to the royal pair's happy relationship with the local folk when, talking to the Queen about her husband, he said: "It's very pleasant to walk with a person who is always content."

Speaking again of the Prince, Brown remarked: "Everyone on the estate says there never was so kind a master; I am sure our only wish is to give satisfaction." Immensely gratified, the Queen replied: "You certainly do."

That the Prince was capable not only of kindness but also, on occasion, of the most boyish high spirits was evident when the news of the fall of Sebastopol arrived at Balmoral in September, 1855.

The royal party was dining at the time and Prince Albert, hardly waiting to finish his meal, careered up a steep hill with his private secretaries panting behind him and lit a great bonfire; and then, toasting the victory in neat whisky, led the cheers of the excited Highlanders who had gathered round the blaze.

Perhaps the most memorable events of those earlier Balmoral days were the expeditions that the Queen and her husband took in the autumns of 1860 and 1861. Travelling incognito—calling themselves Lord and Lady Churchill and (*Continued on page 64*)

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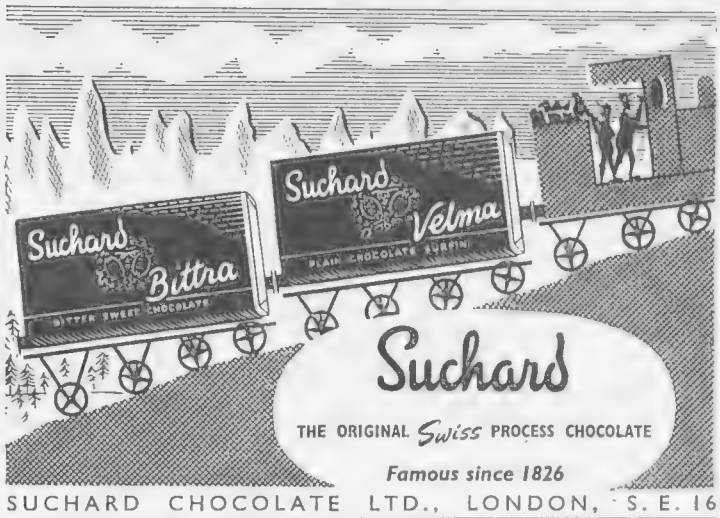

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party—they and their suite truly roughed it, travelling over the wildest country, crossing choppy loch waters in ancient boats and lodging at the most primitive inns.

Of the final trip that Victoria and Albert took in that October of 1861, a short sixteen miles in perfect autumn weather in which the distant mountains stood out crystal clear against the blue sky, the Queen wrote in her *Journal*: "It gave me such a longing for further expeditions." There was pathos in that entry, for in December of the same year the Prince Consort, after a short illness, died at Windsor; and the Queen was henceforth to know Balmoral alone.

To Albert's memory she dedicated, in August, 1862, a cairn on a nearby hill; and five years later unveiled a statue of him close to the castle.

Though during her long widowhood Balmoral was never the same for her as it had been in her married years, Queen Victoria still found annual consolation and refreshment in her Highland home. Her life there was simple and her suite was small, consisting generally of a lady-in-waiting, two maids-of-honour, a Cabinet minister, an equerry, a secretary and her doctor.

For the rest, she continued much in the routine that she had followed with Prince Albert. She rode out, visited the poor and occasionally entertained the ghillies and shepherds and their families in the castle.

By the time of Queen Victoria's death Balmoral, which she had known and visited regularly for nearly fifty years, had become a royal institution as traditional as Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle. And Deeside, prospering through royal patronage, had become a noted tourist centre.

Royal Highland Home

King Edward VII and his successors have improved the amenities of this royal Highland property by adding dower houses and lodges, and increased its size until now, with its deer forests and grouse moors and eleven-mile frontage along the Dee, it is one of Scotland's finest sporting estates.

Distance-annihilating devices that Queen Victoria never knew may have destroyed some of that remoteness that was once one of Balmoral's greatest charms. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the new Queen, that it is still remote enough to offer the chance of respite from the ever-growing burden of royalty.

END

Too Precious For Waste

(*Continued from page* 51)

people ove a trip to the Continent. Same world, same problems, but somehow they sound different in a new language and in new surroundings.

It's hard, of course, to avoid packing your troubles into your suitcase along with your toothbrush. Particularly if you are one of those harassed types to whom worrying has become a habit, like breathing. Obviously what you most need is a holiday which will slow you down, help you to relax. But this doesn't necessarily mean doing nothing. Sudden and complete inactivity can be a trying experience, particularly if you're not used to it. If you want to be really clever and therapeutic about it, you should choose a holiday which will keep you pleasantly (and differently) occupied. A camping trip, for example. You'll be much too busy trying to get the tent to stay up to have any time for brooding.

This tip I got straight from the psychiatrist, who says that such a holiday is remarkably effective in reducing mole hills to their proper size. After a week or so of wrestling with Nature even the tiredest business man will be able to view his everyday problems with something close to disdain.

If your main intention on a holiday is escaping from yourself as well as your surroundings, you should be careful who you pick as travelling companions. It's a very poor idea to go away with people whose worries and preoccupations are the same as your own. Take the sad case of the two ladies, obviously old friends, chatting together on a hotel terrace in Switzerland. They were quite oblivious to the glories of snow-capped peaks and cobalt skies because they were so busy discussing the weighty topic of the cost of living at home.

Even more depressing has been my experience of a certain type of Canadian housewife. Every summer many Canadians escape the blistering city heat by renting a cottage. Mother moves out there with the children as soon as school ends. Father comes up for week-ends. Most of these cottages are magnificently situated in the wild beauty of the Canadian north country. The pine-scented air, the lakes, the brilliant sunshine, just beg to be enjoyed. And everyone does enjoy them, except Mother. From the moment of arrival she embarks on her seasonal battle with The Cottage, usually a primitive wooden affair designed for casual living. The water has to be pumped, there is a wood stove for cooking and no electricity. Mother considers all this a challenge to her latent pioneering spirit. Large meals must be served on time, the cottage must be polished within an inch of its life, with no allowances made for wet bathing-suits or sandy feet. The idea of doing only the minimum necessary to keep the cottage habitable, or of letting everyone pitch in and get their own meals—this would horrify her housewifely soul. For Mother, the summer is not so much a holiday as an endurance contest!

But then, I do feel that mothers in general tend to approach holidays as a sacrifice, rather than a pleasure. "So long as the children enjoy themselves . . ." they murmur with a martyred smile, trying to keep the sand out of their mouths as their youngest buries them on the beach. . . . Admittedly, it is difficult to find the happy medium between your needs and the children's tastes. But surely in the interest of self-preservation, certain precautions can be taken. For example, you could stay on a farm. There is always something going on that will interest the children; animals to be fed, cows to be milked, a bull to be avoided!

On the other hand, if you do go to a summer resort, you can at least choose one where there are plenty of diversions, indoor and out, so that you won't be at the mercy of the weather. Boarding houses and hotels, unless they make a special effort to cater to the younger generation, are not the best spot for families. How well do I remember the agonies of a rainy holiday at the seaside last summer. We were staying with our child at one of those small, quiet hotels which seems to specialize in pale, grey elderly couples. In the dining-room, amid the dignified tinkle of cutlery, or in the static grace of the drawing-room (where there was never any noise louder than the dropping of a knitting needle) my four-year-old son emerged with unbelievable flamboyance. He seemed the most brightly coloured, the most noisily aggressive child that I had ever encountered. But then, of course, he was the only child there!

In general, the younger one is, the livelier one's taste in holidays. But there are exceptions. One of my most exhausting memories is of the holiday my husband and I took with his parents. We wanted to lie on the beach, gaze at the scenery and go to bed early. They were horrified at such lethargy. Sight-seeing tours, a visit to the pictures, card games . . . every moment must be occupied!

But in spite of all these pros and cons, the recipe is relatively simple. Avoidance of past errors, imagination, just a pinch of luck, these ingredients should produce a holiday tailor-made to both pocket book and perspective. And in the long run, it won't make much difference, because even the most tiresome experience tends to become quite rosy in retrospect. But then, holidays, like love, must always contain a bit more romance than reason. That's why we enjoy them!

END

The Odd Things People Do

(*Continued from page* 12)

of materials which work on sunshine. The most frequently used is a seven feet wide, concave, polished metal mirror, which has to be moved round to catch the sun. The heat thus obtained is transferred to a small (½ h.p.) motor which works off nothing but hot air.

Dr. Ghai cooks vegetables, makes coffee or tea, runs a refrigerator, and heats water. Premier Nehru has the prototype solar cooker installed at his house. Presently, it will go on sale for £3 15s. Later still, a 2 h.p. engine will be sun-powered, and bigger domestic tasks rendered possible. But there is no future where other sources of power, such as electricity, are available. On the other hand, where there is no such power, and this goes for a great part of rural India, the hot-air motor may come as the biggest aid since the bullock.

Science is up to some odd pranks in other fields. We have it on the authority of Lord Woolton that "chemical methods of tricking eel worms into thinking that potatoes are in the ground when they are not, are being investigated by a distinguished organic chemist, Prof. A. R. Todd."

It looks as if the original hoodwinking of hens (into thinking it's always daytime) is spreading. The strangest things may one day be done with animal breed, if news from pig-farming Minnesota be taken as a pointer. You wouldn't think there could be any connection between "plugging" recordings and causing piglets to grow faster and heavier. You'd be wrong. The litter is taken away from the sow and nourished synthetically. But the piglets refuse all intake unless, day and night, at two-minute intervals, a recording is played of Mom's grunts and the squealing of a litter whilst feeding.

And look what Dutch scientists are doing —"fooling plants into working overtime." The method is said to be no secret, only a new application of it. Anyway there's to be no working to rule in the Dutch vegetable kingdom, rather potatoes and strawberries all the year round, bananas growing in the open, and tomatoes and cucumbers three months earlier than normally, and twice as big. Behold, too, dutch sprouts, a cross between the brussels variety and red cabbage, and tasting of neither.

The Odd Things People Do

After such wanton deceit of the animal and plant kingdoms (imagine sinking to the diddling of poor worms!) the balance is somewhat redressed by Long Vacation news from the Common Cold Research Unit at Salisbury. Here *homo sapiens* is the sap. Impecunious undergraduates submit themselves as guinea-pigs. During ten days of rarefied isolation on special nutriment and drugs, they try to ward off snivelling. Some come through untouched by the germ with which they've been inoculated. Others finish with every kind of a common cold.

WOULDN'T it be great if men could be fooled into working overtime—after all some of them haven't much more intelligence than plants? The thought hovers because I can tell you of a place where long hours are longed for, a very odd circumstance indeed, you will agree.

A stone's throw from the Paris Opéra there is a popular "Corner House." The food is good, plentiful and cheaper than anywhere else in sight. The secret is a whirlwind service, but with a smile and without the appearance of hurrying anyone away. It can be done, apparently, by a mixture of the eagle eye, constant charming swoops, and immediate whisking away. Waiters say it is impossible to withstand their tactics for longer than twenty minutes. "The client then feels that his chair is receding under him."

The staff—300 of them—are mighty pleased to work so hard: 10.30 a.m. to 11 p.m., with three hours break in the afternoon, if they're lucky. "The harder we work the better," they say. "This way we make enough in tips (twelve per cent) to take a couple of weeks holiday every two or three months. After all, one works to be able to enjoy one's leisure. So we work hard . . . so we enjoy our leisure."

Inventions Corner. Should a lady stand in sudden need of a perambulator, she may now open her handbag and unfold same. The handbag-pram is a German invention. So is the piano nobody need listen to. "For the small modern flat," it is less than three feet long, weighs twenty pounds, and has five octaves only. The player can use headphones, but if the family does want to hear, the piano is plugged into the radio-gramophone. Price £25.

Talking chairs seemed a swell idea to the manager of the Edison Hotel, off Broadway.

Many a new guest flops into a chair on reaching his room. New York can be so tiring.

No sooner would a new arrival sit down in a bedroom than the resultant pressure would start a record and a voice would purr: "We're very happy to have you here and we want to get acquainted right away. If there's anything you want just get on that friendly telephone. How about a sizzling steak down in our fine dining-room? . . ."

Nothing untoward happened until a bad case of hangover checked in one night. The man already had incipient heebie-jeebies and when the voice assailed him, he looked round, wild-eyed, at the void. A moment later he rushed downstairs a yelling piece of terror. And the manager decided—no more of this Edison record.

The Incorporated Society of Musicians has been warned that musical composition by an electronic machine is a possibility. The idea arose from the discovery that Manchester University's electronic computing machine could play tunes.

Instructions to make certain calculations are fed to the machine by means of a perforated tape, a hooter sounding a warning when the calculation is completed.

"All you have to do is to send an instruction to the hooter with the frequency of the note you want it to play," explains Prof. Newman. "The number of messages which go out per second is about 4,000, so you can make it play any note whose frequency is a simple fraction of 4,000."

The machine hasn't a pleasant tone; neither has a lot of stuff at present passing as music.

CLOTHES made from West African groundnuts will soon be in the shops. The material, called Ardil, is mothproof, unshrinkable, can be dyed any colour, lasts as long as pure wool, shows less wear. Not content, British scientists are trying to produce other synthetic fibres from soya beans, feathers, eggs, and fish. Past fashions on cannibal isles relied on the like, but in the raw. Now the factory will roll out raiment from which all brilliance and eccentricity have sped.

While on the subject of clothing, surely the oddest political refugee from beyond the Iron Curtain must be the young Polish merchant seaman who prepared himself for a night in the Channel at the coldest time of the year by donning three sets of under-clothing, four thick suits, a frogman's outfit and a Mae West? Diving overboard about eight miles off Dover, this pioneer was carried four miles by the tide before being picked up none the worse after six hours in water whose temperature would have done for a naked man in ten minutes.

Tip for the next man: add Channel swimmer's grease on the skin.

One of the oddest jobs in the world has the Central Atlantic for its setting. Hurricane hunting. Hurricanes hit the United States at terrific speed from the Caribbean and beyond. So the thing to do is to fly out and meet the hurricane and report by wireless on its density, tricks and rate of approach. This can be almost as fast as the plane itself should the latter be caught in bad weather.

Very special training is needed for the Hurricane Patrol, since the atmosphere can do the most alarming things close to the storm centre. Lightning and sudden waterspouts are the chief dangers. But familiarity breeds understanding. Hurricanes moving at great speed and making a hell of the air, the sea and the land are reported on much as if each were an advancing host. "We look them over and radio back all about them" is how an ace puts it. (*Continued on page* 66)

Any more for any more?

You'll have to insist on "fair shares" when the Weetabix appears! Children can't help being Weetabix children! Make sure all the family benefits from the sheer value-for-money of its whole wheat, malt and sugar. A scrumptious breakfast—and ready to eat any time of the day—with milk, marmalade, jam, fruit or cheese.

FREE SAMPLE

AND NEW RECIPE LEAFLET

Helen Burke's new fully illustrated recipe leaflet, "Ever useful Weetabix," tells you some exciting new ways of cooking with Weetabix—the breakfast food plus. Send for your copy and free sample to Mrs. Crisp, 186, Constantia House, Burton Latimer, Northants.

Weetabix

is such a change

FOR BREAKFAST—*FINE FOR SNACKS AND SUPPER TOO*

And how is it that we have had to wait all these centuries before happening upon the obvious way of disposing of wrecks that endanger navigation? Many lie in shallow waters and orthodox demolition charges are not only a long business but may not clear the sea-bed.

Very well, thought Commander Brinsmead, R.N.V.R., why not bury the wrecked ships under the sea bottom? And he set to working out the means. Just a pistol, the firing of which makes it possible for a line of charges placed on the sea-bed to be exploded simultaneously, creating a deep trench into which the wreck is pushed by the tides.

IN this highly competitive age get in first with a surprise idea and the money is yours.

Rudolph Ellis, of the Middle West, was struck by the way in which so many young couples bungled their honeymoons. How they chose the wrong places, failed to allow for the seasons, searched in vain for the amenities they expected, got mixed up with the wrong kind of people, over-stretched their purses, didn't bring the right wardrobes, etc. Rudolph puzzled out what was missing. Then he sent a questionnaire on behalf of young honeymooners of moderate wage brackets to a myriad of resorts and hotels up and down the land, with the result that to-day there's a guide to places marked "good for honeymooners."

Honeymoons have become big business for Rudolph who employs a staff to enlighten applicants, in honeyed words. "This short spell may make or break your married life. See that you surround yourselves with a maximum of content-filling influences."

Are you getting tired of the shape of your nose? If so, go to Paris where the new profession of nose-changer is gaining ground. Last year some seventy doctors put 1,200 new noses into circulation at charges ranging from £30 to £150. Operations take two to three hours and are said to be no great physical trial, so-called "Christianization" being the most exacting, the straightening out of a Semitic hook.

The police are none too pleased about the spread of nose-changing. But film actor François Périer gives the other side: "I am the husband of a new nose!" A fillip to domesticity is given. In one case a suggestion of the coveted *retroussé*, the tip-tilted affair, is said to have transformed a wife's sour disposition into a sunny one.

M. Ernest Messely is the first to think of "painting" by typewriter (albeit some of the messes I've made have been likened to surrealism). M. Messely has developed a subtle process of shading, using various letters and signs on the keyboard. He uses fifty-five different coloured ribbons. The resemblance of his work to tapestry has caused a Lyons firm to give him trials on silk. Some of his pictures, which include one of Mr. Churchill, are valued at £50. They are fore-runners of "dactylographic art," according to this inspired typist.

Professor Clement was acquitted of fraud at Toulouse after he had marketed a "magnetized love perfume." The accompanying leaflet speaks (or smells) for itself: "This perfume has been specially prepared to help you, even by mail, to be seductive, to charm, to awaken sweet thoughts between you and others. And in order to fortify your love magnetism, it is enough for you to perfume your letter with one drop of this love scent." M. Clement is president of the French Circle of Psychism and the publicity has led to the marketing of his product in several capitals.

MODERN alchemists are thriving in Frankfurt on a new formula to conserve virility. Ancient native brew forms the base, but the elixir's chief ingredient is the fertile chicken egg which must be exactly nine days old. A chicken farm has been set up, which turns out 3,000 eggs each day. These are X-rayed for fertility, subjected to a secret process and rushed by car to customers. Treatment: one month. Cost: £8. Money returned if customers don't agree they feel younger and healthier.

Down to Earth Department. "To-day, 200 lb. of tobacco is to be burned under the supervision of Customs and Excise officials at the Association's factory near Aldershot. It is the excess tobacco from the 33,000 lb. sent in by members which, for one reason or another has not been taken up. Said Mr. Troward: 'We have offered to send the tobacco free to a home for old people but the Customs men refuse to allow this and insist it must be destroyed under their supervision."

The Odd Things People Do

IT would be hard to find two ways of life at more opposite poles than those chosen by Dr. Theo Fridenau and Arturo Spolli.

The former used to be a Silesian barrister who specialized in tax cases. He fled to West Berlin, conceived the notion of building up an organization in East Germany for reporting everything the Russians did there. His original informants were finance officers. Now he has 8,000 of all sorts, and 200 callers a day file through five waiting-rooms at the Herr Doktor's villa, outside which U.S. troops mount guard night and day lest the Communists should try any kidnapping.

Arturo believes just as strongly in keeping away from it all. A Danish film party found him on the fabled, viper-ridden island of Monte Cristo, between Corsica and the Italian mainland. There he has lived a Crusoe existence for eighteen months, as the island's only inhabitant. But Arturo has a ruined eleventh-century cloister for home, hunts rabbits and catches fish. (For variety—a dish of snakes.)

A long beard makes this modern "Count" of Monte Cristo look older then his twenty-five years. He only hopes the Danes' discovery of him will not lead to an increase of inhabitants. Some people could be lured by a suspicion that there might be something after all in Dumas' tale of treasure.

I have steered clear of crime in this series, although quite some of the oddest things people do are criminal in texture. Yet it is hard to leave out thirty-eight-year-old Dr. Gwynne Nettler, "the best-dressed professor of the campus" at the University of California's branch in Santa Barbara.

As professor of sociology, natty Nettler conducted a class in crime detection which drew a big student audience, until he was arrested on charges of having burgled many a home in the suburb of Montecity.

As a fellow of the Division of Personality and Social Psychology of the American Psychological Association, the professor was well-grounded to study his "prospects," so it was alleged.

END

Children In Danger

(*Continued from page* 9)

If there is a contributory cause of sufficient dimensions to destroy the natural affection of a woman for her children it is the lack of housing. Young couples loving one another with beauty and deep feeling, badgered by in-laws or ill-tempered landladies, miserably exist in one room. Love dies in the absence of hope, and the children, so often the obstacle to better accommodation or the chance of the wife working to increase the family income, receive the brunt of the parents' exasperation. Only on the fear of war is there a comparative all-pervading worry among young married women as on the housing question, according to the reports.

Unless you are one of the 50,000 voluntary workers of the N.S.P.C.C., or have the opportunity to see their work, the housing conditions of some of these families supervised by N.S.P.C.C. inspectors cannot be imagined.

Here, for instance, is the home of a family of two parents and their five children in a north-east seaport. The woman visitor of the N.S.P.C.C. explains that the inhabitants of the street call it Sickness Row. The family live in one room reached by a flight of exterior stone steps. It measures twelve feet by fourteen feet. The room is filthy. The fireplace is broken. The eldest boy, aged ten, rather naturally kept out of the way as much as he could and came before a juvenile court for stealing a fountain pen. The N.S.P.C.C. visitor, supervising the parents because of reports of negligence, explained the boy's home conditions and the Court dismissed the case on condition he joined the Wolf Cubs. The boy was transformed—and his efforts at cleanliness pervaded the whole family. To-day, his mother and father are making pathetic efforts to make their pitiful home comfortable. By such a thread hangs the self-respect of a family.

And who can really blame this woman? She lived in a London slum with seven children. Her husband and one son were in prison. The N.S.P.C.C. approached her when the education authority reported that four children were absent from school through lack of footwear. The Inspector entered a home of two rooms. There were holes in the floor through which the rubble of the derelict floor below could be seen. There was appalling filth everywhere. The beds had no proper clothes. The children were inadequately dressed. But they were well nourished. Theoretically there was every justification for a prosecution for neglect—but for one fact: the woman loved her children fiercely. Neither legal punishment nor unofficial warning could have had any result when hot water and soap, clean sheets and new shoes are obtainable only at the cost of food. She needed help. Blankets and clothing were obtainable, but not a home. The family was moved into an institution.

I HAVE read the details of a home where the children were hungry, dirty and ill-clad, where the income was £19 weekly, and of another where the stench was so severe that the police worked in turns to enter and no institution would accept the children until they had been cleansed. Sometimes the parents seem genuinely mystified that their way of life should be criticized. One man, asked why a mass of mouldering food lay on the kitchen table and the floor around it, protested that he had personally cleaned out the debris three months before.

Many of these cases demand psychiatric treatment, though there is not much evidence that they got it. Often the parents have undergone institutional mental treatment at some time without much result.

Some conception of the difficulties which present themselves in such cases was shown by the cheerful and human report sent by a woman visitor of the N.S.P.C.C. The family of three children and the parents were well known to charitable organizations in the northern town where it lived. The young mother lacked all sense of responsibility and sold clothes and furniture as fast as they were provided for her. Finally, she sold her ration books and went to prison.

This was a case where legal punishment included a remedy. While she was away the children, who had nothing but vests to wear, were clothed. The husband, ill through the dirt of his home and lack of cooked food, was helped to clean the home. He gave up his job to look after the children and made an excellent job of it. With the help of the probation officer the N.S.P.C.C. visitor started an educational campaign on the woman's release. It would appear to be a

life work, for meals are prepared only if the N.S.P.C.C. official goes round daily and writes out a simple menu. But with this control, reformation is complete. A newly arrived baby has been named after the visitor: a vivid token of the woman's unspoken gratitude.

Marital troubles are often at the root of child cruelty cases. In one case the husband had become utterly indifferent to his wife. She simply gave up trying to live. Piles of dirty clothing lay everywhere. Rotted food was trodden into the floor. Tea leaves were simply emptied wherever she happened to be standing. Apart from the husband's bed, well provided with blankets and sheets, there was virtually no proper furniture. The woman slept with her three children on a verminous mattress and one blanket. There were no curtains.

Yet a severe lecture of the husband and an explanation to the mother that she was being criminally neglectful changed conditions within two days. In that time the man bought £9 worth of bedding and curtains, and the woman scrubbed the house from top to bottom, washed the children's clothes and bathed them.

THESE cases of neglect through ignorance or want of energy are more disturbing than the actual cruelty cases, because they are infinitely more numerous and the results on the children may be quite as bad. Beating and punching, horrible as they are, soon become known and legal action is quick and effective. Conditions in the feckless homes may last for months or years, and the moral and physical effect on the children can never be completely eradicated.

While a sense of moral responsibility may be a matter of the spirit, knowledge of housewifery and mothercraft is surely simple education. There is overwhelming evidence that girls are leaving school with absolutely

Children In Danger

no knowledge of domestic science, let alone guidance in sexual matters.

Admittedly many of the young mothers coming before the Courts or under N.S.P.C.C. supervision lacked proper schooling owing to war-time evacuation.

IF we want to get to the root of the trouble it appears, from my examination of many hundreds of neglect cases, that more lessons in womanly things in that last year at school between fourteen and fifteen would alleviate much of the childish misery which besmirches life in Britain to-day. There are six cases of neglect for every case of deliberate cruelty.

For the latter, punishment may be the answer. It is, in any case, a question of policy where individual women have little say. The facile solution of so many people, horror-struck at the reported cases of cruelty, to impose the most rigorous sentences and fines the law permits, would still leave the rescue of some eighty thousand children in the hands of voluntary workers. Numerically they are the most important, and they offer the best chance for the ordinary woman to reduce the toll of tragedy. Motherhood's arts are not instinctive in the case of tens of thousands of women in this country, or at least the ability to put them into operation.

The figures of 23,705 cases reported by the public to N.S.P.C.C. officials accounts for most of those investigated. Very rarely do they appear groundless, for only 223 were dropped after an inspector had called. It is therefore hardly a question of being an interfering busybody when a child's health and happiness are at stake. Ultimately this problem can be solved only by the women of Britain asking themselves: Am I my sister's keeper? and answering, Yes.

It is as simple as that.

END

Gilbert And Sullivan

(*Continued from page* 11)

LET us take a look at the careers of these two men and see what led up to two such strangely different men collaborating in one of the greatest operatic partnerships of all time.

William Schwenck Gilbert (he always hated his middle name) was born in London in 1836. His father was a surgeon in the Royal Navy and wrote a voluminous quantity of tracts, dramas, biographies and novels all of which have vanished into limbo. Like his son, he had a terrible temper and when one of his works was caustically reviewed in a literary journal, he went in search of the critic with a horsewhip. Luckily they never met. The son studied at first in France but later went to school in England. Here he showed that the stage was in his blood by writing plays to be acted by his schoolfellows. On one occasion he tried to run away and go on the stage but unfortunately he chose to ask Charles Kean for a job. Kean was a personal friend of Mr. Gilbert, senior, and so the boy was led ignominiously back to school.

After leaving school, Gilbert worked for a time as a clerk but managed to become established as a freelance journalist by the simple if impertinent method of going over the heads of editors and sending his contributions direct to the owners. Many of these men decided that here was a chance to show that they knew good work when they saw it and so frequently an editor would be ordered to publish a work which he had rejected only a few weeks before. Naturally, the editors were none too fond of Gilbert but so long as his work was published, this hardly worried him.

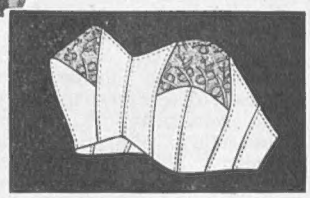
During these years plays, poems, lampoons and miscellaneous diatribes flowed from his pen, some of them successful, some of them failures. His sharp tongue soon got him into trouble and he was a frequent apparition in the law courts, where his ready wit often upset the most brilliant question of leading Q.C.s. In 1867, he married and a year or two later, Fred Clay, a composer who had worked with Gilbert on several musical shows, introduced him to Sullivan. Gilbert, who scarcely knew one tune from another, celebrated the occasion by learning a long and complicated passage about music from the encyclopaedia and firing it off at Sullivan in the form of a question. Sullivan was puzzled and impressed, not knowing that the passage in question might well have been written in Chinese as far as Gilbert was concerned.

AT the time of their meeting in 1870, Sullivan was twenty-eight. His father, a military bandmaster, had seen to it that young Arthur Seymour Sullivan received a sound musical education; after being a choir boy at the Chapel Royal, the boy went on to the Royal Academy of Music where he studied under Sterndale Bennett. Later he continued his studies in Leipzig, where he was extremely popular, not only because of his good looks but also because of his courtesy and good breeding. On his return to London, he made the critics sit up and take notice with his music for Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. From then on, he was regarded as one of the more important of the younger English composers.

Sullivan, before Gilbert came into his life, was famous mainly for hymn tunes and compositions of either the parlour ballad nature or of the heavier choral and hymn type. Soon, however, he was working with Gilbert on a comic opera, *Thespis*, produced on December 23, 1871. The work was not a success. Sullivan went back to oratorio and Gilbert to plays.

Four years later, Richard D'Oyly Carte, the manager of the Royalty Theatre, Soho, persuaded Gilbert to approach Sullivan again with a view to their writing a curtain-raiser for a short opera (*Continued on page* 68)

CHARM begins with a K



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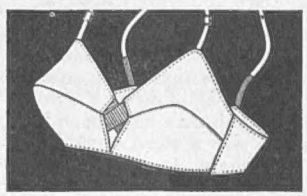

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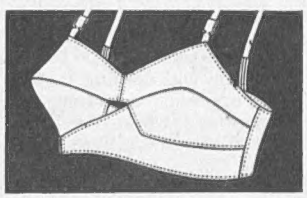

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No Nappie Rash

Wise mother uses Cuticura Ointment after baby's bath and at every nappie change to keep him cool and comfortable. The mildly medicated, gentle emollient, Cuticura, soothes chafing, sores, inflammation, and deals sweetly with nappie rash.

Cuticura ANTI-SEPTIC OINTMENT

by Offenbach. On a cold winter's day, Gilbert read the script of *Trial By Jury* to Sullivan. As he read, Gilbert seemed more annoyed than pleased, but Sullivan was delighted and set to work right away. The short opera was so popular that Carte at once began to borrow money with a view to launching a profitable firm for the creation of comic opera. It was not until 1877 that anything came of the idea; both Gilbert and Sullivan had other commitments which prevented their getting to work and Carte took a long time to get together sufficient money for his long experiment.

"THE SORCERER" was produced at the Opera Comique on November 17, 1877, and was quickly followed by *H.M.S. Pinafore*. Gilbert was indefatigable at rehearsals. Some of his most famous insults were drawn from him at these early rehearsals, such as his reply to an objectionable singer who told him: "Please don't talk to me like that, I'm not a chorus-girl." Gilbert answered: "No, my dear, you haven't the looks or the talent to be." On the other hand, with a sensitive and nervous actor, nobody could be more kind and considerate than this great bear of a man. So it was that, however much Gilbert may have been disliked outside the theatre, he was respected and admired by the actors and actresses.

Pinafore was received with high delight, especially by people who recognized a flimsily disguised satire on the First Lord of the Admiralty, W. H. Smith, who was thenceforth referred to openly as "Pinafore Smith." The composer and librettist made a brief successful visit to America to put on the official version of the work, which was widely pirated by unscrupulous impresarios, there being at that time no international copyright law. In America Gilbert distinguished himself by his reply to a stupid dowager who asked him whether Bach was still composing music: "No madam, dear old Bach is *decomposing*." The only dissentient voice was that of Lewis Carroll. However funny Carroll may have been in print, in private life he was a stern, bigoted parson and objected strongly to the song "The Pale Young Curate" in *The Sorcerer*.

MEANWHILE, the two men were working feverishly on a new opera—*The Pirates Of Penzance*, another success in both America and England. It was followed a year later by *Patience*. By now, Gilbert and Sullivan were beginning to realize that fame and fortune was coming to them in collaboration as opposed to mere lip-service for their "serious" work. Carte built a new theatre for their productions, the Savoy, and it was here that *Iolanthe* was produced in 1882; the two men were becoming rich, as was the astute Mr. Carte.

While working on the music for the next Savoy opera, *Princess Ida*, Sullivan was knighted. A musical paper caused some mischief by suggesting that Sir Arthur Sullivan could hardly associate with Mr. William Gilbert and advised the composer to turn his attention to oratorio again. The Victorians had the dismal idea that cheerful music was inferior to solemn music, which is to say that Beethoven's Eighth Symphony is inferior to that little ballad about a dead doggy composed by your Aunt Jemima. Naturally this sort of thing put Gilbert's back up and the resulting argument was strengthened by the fact that Sullivan voted the new opera poor stuff—it was certainly not as successful as the others, though it ran for nearly three-quarters of a year.

THE quarrel grew. Gilbert's new idea for a libretto irritated Sullivan (it was later to be resurrected in collaboration with Cellier) and finally Sullivan incensed Gilbert by saying that he wanted to do more serious work. Carte was worried; a little gold-mine was fast emptying itself and the poor man put in a great deal of work smoothing both men down. The new opera, *The Mikado*, was a great success, as one had come to expect from Gilbert and Sullivan. Indeed, so resounding was the success that both men were in a position to take things easy for a time. Sullivan travelled a good deal and then pleased his more gloomy critics by writing a "serious" work—the *Golden Legend*. By 1887, *Ruddigore*, much to Gilbert's disgust, was meeting with a rather cool reception.

Gilbert's temper was worse than ever after this set-back; a friend who referred to the opera as *Bloodygore* on the grounds that it was "the same thing" was squashed with the reply: "It is *not* the same thing. I may like your ruddy countenance but I detest your bloody cheek." It was unwise to approach the librettist at this time. After another quarrel with Sullivan, whose success as a serious oratorio composer had gone to his head, he managed to persuade the composer to collaborate with him again, the result being *The Yeoman Of The Guard*, which made up for the comparative failure of *Ruddigore*. Round about the same time, Sullivan composed the incidental music for Irving's production of *Macbeth*, while Gilbert returned to the legitimate stage with a weird serio-comic play, *Brantinghame Hall*.

Once again, there was trouble brewing and Carte made a false move by allowing Gilbert to see a letter written by Sullivan in which Gilbert was referred to in most uncomplimentary terms. However, peace was restored and Sullivan expressed his delight with the new play, *The Gondoliers*. Both men spoke highly of the other's contribution to this work, which is indeed universally accepted as their masterpiece. Unfortunately, the storm broke when the expense accounts were gone into. Carte had included, under production expenses, an item which caused Gilbert to go up in smoke. Carpets, he explained to the manager, in colourful language, had nothing to do with production expenses. Sullivan sided with Carte and Gilbert stamped out of the theatre after swearing at both Sullivan and Carte. That was the end of the partnership. Sullivan was disgusted with Gilbert's lack of control. Gilbert who, as we know, was really a good-natured man underneath his bad temper, was hurt by the fact that Sullivan had not supported him. Neither of the two men would see the other's point of view and Carte was ill-advised enough to think that the popularity of the operas was due more to Sullivan than to Gilbert.

ON their own, the two men didn't flourish. Gilbert found no composer with the ready intelligence of Sullivan who, he began to realize, had always been quick on the uptake in realizing what he was driving at. Sullivan, on the other hand, was even worse off, for no writer had the wit of Gilbert and his music consequently diminished in sparkle. His attempt to write a grand opera, *Ivanhoe*, was not entirely successful; Bernard Shaw characterized the book as impudent fustian, an impertinent travesty of Scott's work and there was no doubt that the result of the unholy collaboration was by no means happy. Gilbert and Sullivan grudgingly came together again to write *Utopia Limited* and caused loud and prolonged cheers when they publicly shook hands on the stage.

Their last opera, *The Grand Duke*, was something of an anti-climax; for the rest of his life, Sullivan travelled and composed "serious" music to his heart's content. He died in 1900. Gilbert, who was to live for another eleven years, was ill in Egypt and knew nothing of his old collaborator's death until he read the newspaper accounts. In his brilliant life-story of the two men, Mr. Hesketh Pearson describes how Carte, who was also ill at the time, was not informed of Sullivan's death; yet when the funeral procession passed his house, some strange "unaccountable instinct made him rise from his bed and drag himself to the window."

They found him gasping on the floor some minutes later, he looked up and said: "I have just seen the last of my old friend Sullivan."

END

Country Letter (*Continued from page* 32)

Such men, giving all they had, their strength and skill and endurance, to this land of ours, for something like ten shillings a week, deserve to be remembered with gratitude.

I remembered him especially one day last harvest, and wondered what he would have thought, if, like me, he could have been riding at the bridge of a combine harvester as it slowly churned its way, like a mighty ship of the land, through a hundred-and-twenty acre wheat field. In front of me stretched the sea of wheat, gently stirring in the wind, and behind me, the kernels were already pouring out of the machine into the sacks, ready for market. In Frank's day, it would have had to be cut, swathe by swathe, then stooked, then carried, then stacked, then thatched, then unstacked again and threshed. All this labour is now by-passed; but with the labour, the rough fun of harvest has been by-passed, too. One other thing is always told about Frank, and that is of how he would come home down the lane at night, after his long day in the fields, his scythe over his shoulder, singing to the moon. I do not hear the tractor-men of to-day come singing home at night. I wonder why?

ONLY here and there, in remote places, has harvest still something of the old style about it. I remember seeing some men bringing in the last load, and, as they came across the field, one of them snatched a few green boughs from the hedge and stuck them among the loaded sheaves—just as was always done when the in-gathering was celebrated with song. The boughs were secured to the top of the stack, where they showed brave and green for awhile, then withered, and were finally thrown away by the thatcher. Harvest was full of such homely ritual. Homely sayings, too. No harvest was considered complete, for instance, unless, as the last sheaf was pitched on to the wagon, somebody called out with a laugh: "That's the one we've been looking for all harvest!" You may still hear this particular quip, just as you may still hear somebody say, of a badly made stack that leans and needs propping, "That's gone to Will's mother's!" Who Will was, or why, nobody knows, or cares: the saying's the thing.

In those same quiet places, too, the women still go gleaning in the stubble, not as they used to do, by the score, like a lot of rooks, but solitarily, one here and there, gleaning for the hens where once they gleaned for bread. I have a neighbour who never neglects to glean; and I like to see the way she does it, neatly, strictly to the traditional pattern, as all old cottage tasks were done. She picks up the corn, and makes a little bunch of it, clasped close to the ears; and when she has gathered a big enough handful, she twists a straw bond to tie it tight, like a posy. The gleanings are put in a tumble-down pram and pushed home up the hill, ready for her husband to thresh when he comes in from the fields. Such cottage economies will soon be a thing of the past. Even my old neighbour goes gleaning more out of habit than need—but also because, frugal soul that she is, she cannot bear to see good corn go begging. Corn to her is more than money: it is bread.

END

1.8.52

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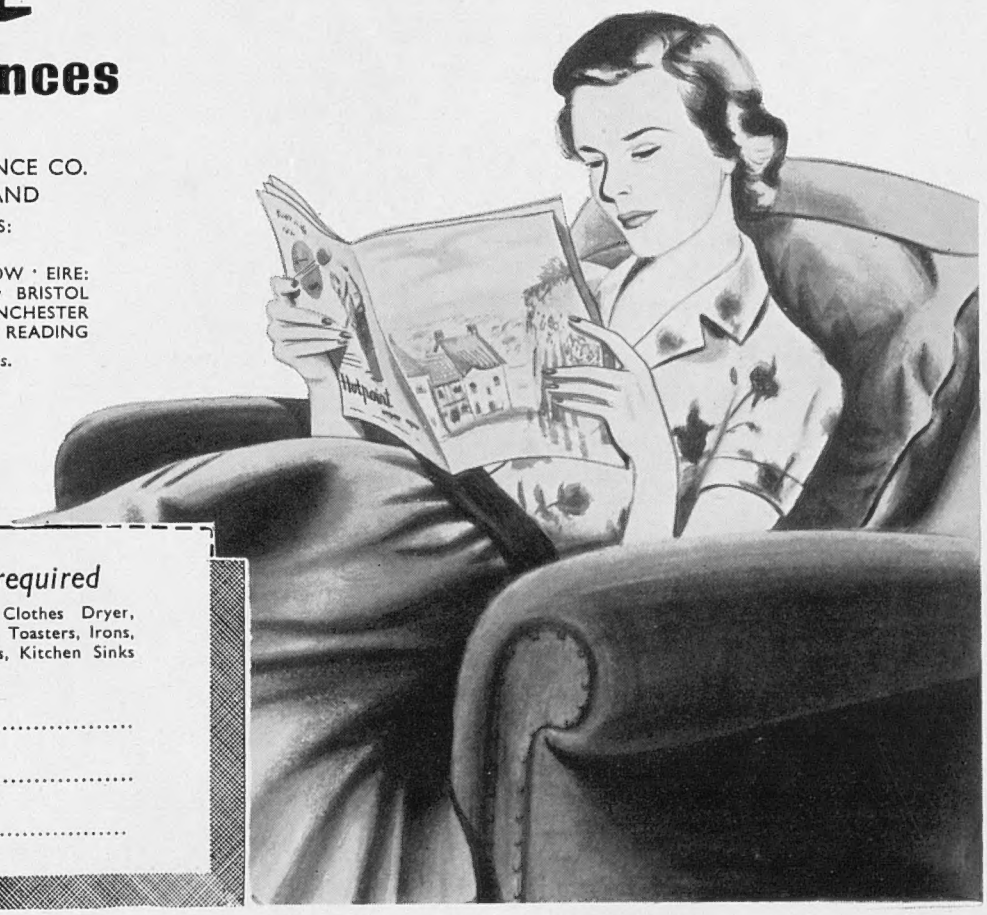

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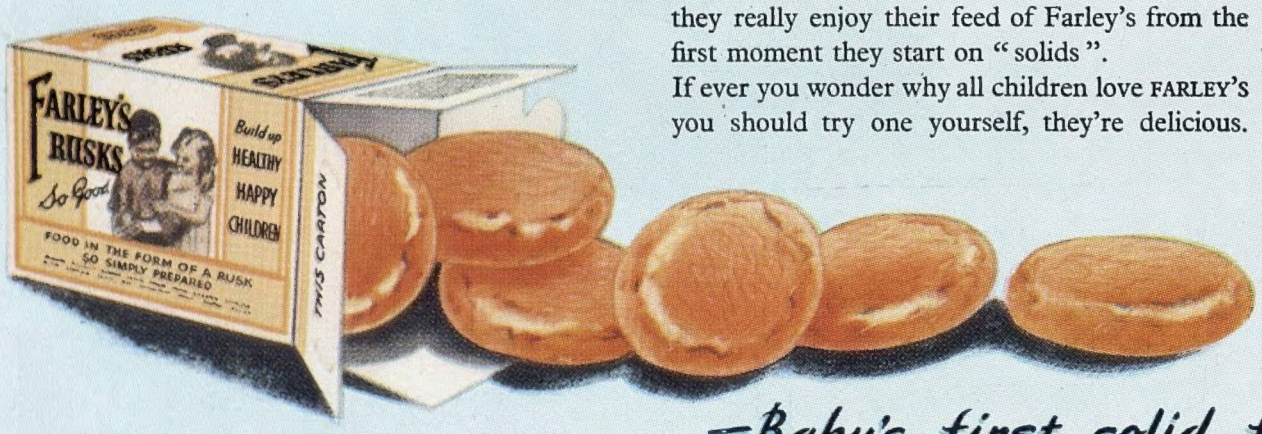

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